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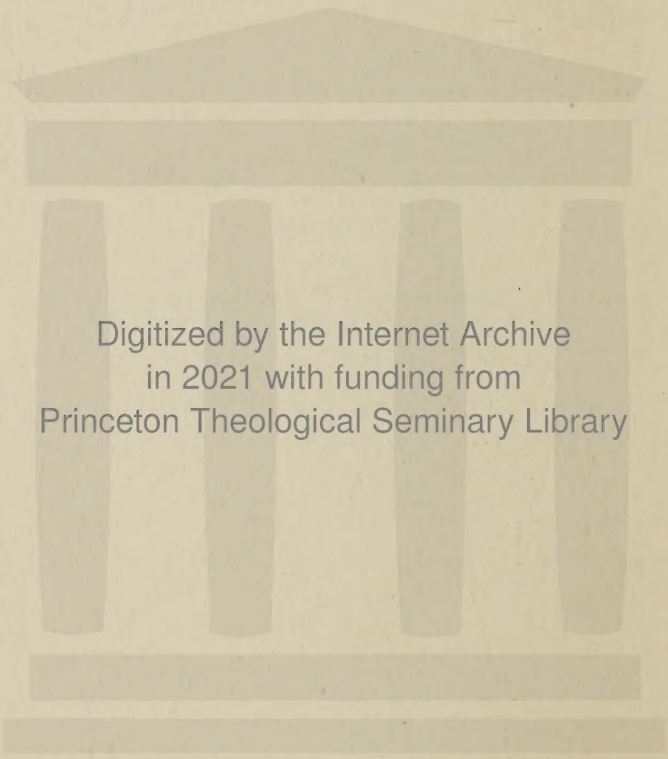
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THE MISSIONARY IMPERATIVE

Addresses Delivered at the
INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY
CONFERENCE
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

EDITED BY
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PREFACE

THE various chapters of this volume are the addresses delivered at the general sessions of the International Missionary Conference, held at Memphis, Tenn., the first three days of January, 1929, under the auspices of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The International Missionary Conference was projected for the specific purpose of revitalizing the missionary spirit and consciousness of the Church. Its objectives were wholly spiritual and inspirational; in the words of the official call issued for the gathering, they were "not to deal with policies, plans, and programs, but with our relation to God and our responsibility for our unsaved brethren of every clime. We must revitalize the Great Commission of our Lord in our own hearts and republish it through the Church. We must consider and decide whether we are true to God, whether our task is finished, what our future course w be." The student of missions will doubtless miss discussions of the many critical problems of missionary administration and strategy which press so insistently for solution; it should be said that the omission of such discussions is explained by the aim of the Conference and the character of the audiences, and by no means implies that such problems are not recognized as of imperative importance.

The International Missionary Conference was

attended by approximately three thousand delegates from the South and West. Its sessions were dynamic with spiritual power. At one point a motion was made that $70,000 be immediately raised by the audience for a certain cause which had been presented, but this was prevented by the firm ruling of the chairman that financial matters must be excluded; on another occasion, in spite of the protests of the chairman, more than a thousand dollars were sent to the platform by persons whose hearts were moved by the needs of a certain mission field. Such incidents indicate the spirit which pervaded the gathering. It is hoped that the same power remains in the addresses after being reduced to cold type, and that the reader will catch from them a new zeal for the evangelization of the world.

To that end the editor has striven to preserve the human element in the manuscripts and has not felt himself bound too closely by theoretical literary canons. Each address has been submitted to the author and each has been carefully reviewed by the editor, but the reader will bear in mind that he is dealing not with ordinary literary compositions but with words which were caught as they came from the lips of a speaker pouring out his soul before a vast and deeply moved assembly of sympathetic people.

Many other addresses of equal worth were delivered in the sectional meetings of the conference, but it was impossible to include them in a volume of reasonable size, and they are regretfully omitted.

The Church greatly needs a rekindling of the passion for souls and the zeal for giving the Gospel to

all men everywhere. There is a dearth of missionary literature of a devotional and inspirational nature, and it is hoped that the present volume will meet an existing need and help to stir the heart of the Church to a new realization of this its supreme duty and greatest privilege.

ELMER T. CLARK, *Editor.*

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

BY DR. W. G. CRAM

We are assembled here in an International Missionary Conference. We have come, under the stress of difficult circumstances, to consider the momentous things of the Kingdom. It is no light thing to call such a concourse of people from their homes and customary duties, and therefore this gathering must have some justification, some reason that rises from an emergency or that presses itself by sheer force of obligation upon the attention of the Church.

The supreme purpose of the Church of Christ is to extend itself beyond its present established borders. To neglect or diregard the great command of Jesus is to forfeit the promise that He will be with us always, to the end of time. Our very nature as a Christian Church obligates us to bring to men and women everywhere the Christian message of forgiveness and peace, and to share Christian experience and achievements with our brothers throughout the whole world.

For the accomplishment of this purpose, Methodism has established a Board of Missions. The supreme business of this Board, through its administrative functions and by its many gifted and self-sacrificing missionaries, working in the United States and other lands, is that of lifting up Christ as the only Saviour of the world. It is that of bringing to the attention of the Church the sore spots and the neglected places among the world's teeming millions.

It is that of enlisting the youth of the Church in the spiritual conquest of the world in Jesus' name. It is that of counseling the Church concerning pending problems, to cry out against national and individual evils, and to direct attention to materialistic tendencies and social attitudes which hinder or advance the Kingdom of God. The aims and purposes of this Conference are in line with and grow out of these functions.

More specifically, the objectives of this Conference were thus mentioned in the call made to the Church by the Board of Missions, through its General Secretary: "Missionary activity is not the same activity that occupied our energies a generation ago. The spread of culture in non-Christian lands has provided a new environment in which our missionaries must work, and given rise to new problems which they must meet. New Churches—virile, consecrated, eager—have risen, and with these have come enlarged opportunities and perplexing problems. As non-Christian religions have broken down, strange and destructive doctrines have pushed in, and the Gospel of Christ, triumphant over the one, faces the challenge of the other. The missionary task in our own beloved land is urgent and bewildering. Fifty millions of our fellow citizens are not even nominally Christians. The principles of our religion have scarcely begun to permeate our social life. Even heathen peoples reproach us for our sins and draw contrasts between what Christians believe and how Christendom acts.

"Who is equal to such tasks? They can be attempted only by the whole Church, united and determined.

"Our need is not wisdom but power. Not organization but consecration. Not plans but a passion for souls. Not money but sacrifice. Not temporal things but the touch of the living Spirit of God. Our assembly, therefore, will not deal with policies, plans, and programs, but with our relation to God and our responsibility for our unsaved brethren of every clime. We must revitalize the Great Commission of our Lord in our own hearts and republish it through the Church. We must consider and decide whether we are true to God, whether our task is finished, what our future course will be."

We have ample justification for a Conference of this kind in historic actions of the Church, which has ever relied upon the counsel and coöperation of its people in meeting its pressing problems. Jesus Himself called the first such Conference: Pentecost, which gave the leaders of the infant Church spiritual power, the power with which we need to be endued to-day and without which we cannot speak with boldness to the nations of the world. Again, under stress of severe persecution the early Christians "went to their own company" and "lifted up their voices to God with one accord," praying that God would stretch forth His hand and "that signs and wonders may be done by the name of thy holy child Jesus." Then followed the first council at Jerusalem. The forms and ceremonies of the home Church were producing friction in foreign parts, and this council declared that unnecessary burdens should not be placed on the younger Churches, but that flexibility and free-

dom should be encouraged. This has a distinct modern ring to the missionary administrator of today.

Students are familiar with the great Church councils of later Christian history. And in these later days the Church, with more complex organizations and a larger field of missionary service, has often summoned its thoughtful leaders when some critical task is to be performed or united action to be secured. Our own Church held its first great missionary Conference in New Orleans in 1901. It was under the leadership of the great Lambuth, one of the outstanding missionary leaders of all times, and it was attended by such men as Tarboux of Brazil, Carter of Cuba, Park of China, all reënforced and climaxed by Bishop Galloway. This gathering stirred the heart of our Church and inaugurated an era of constructive missionary enterprise which has borne fruit in many nations and given us our place among the missionary agencies of the world. When the World War seemed to shatter the faith of the world and threaten the missionary work of the century, far-visioned leaders and missionary statesmen were called into council in Memphis and launched the Missionary Centenary. Our people everywhere were called to prayer and penitence, and in a great abandon of self-forgetfulness they saved the modern missionary movement by a magnificent offering of lives and $35,000,000 in money.

In this notable succession we have now gathered. We have met for serious business. No matter of passing interest or temporary concern has called us

here. Matters of urgency in the missionary work of our Church have called us, and we are to consider the serious and critical situation that confronts the Christian Church everywhere. There are many things to-night to which attention should be directed, such as the need of a great revival of religion and the relations of the older Churches of America to the younger Churches that have been established in the mission fields. But just now I will call your attention to only two outstanding matters.

The first is the problem of financing the Christian movement. America has never been so prosperous. Financially, we are able to do what we determine shall be done. The Christian people of America have shared in this prosperity. The Methodists of the South have received their portion and are richer than ever before. 'Tis true that flood and hurricane and other disasters have taken their toll, but on the whole we are rich beyond the wildest dreams of our forefathers.

In this situation it is little less than amazing to discover that in proportion to our increase in wealth our giving to Christian benevolence beyond our local congregations has seriously decreased. With the yearly earning capacity of the two and one-half million Methodists of the South being one billion, one hundred forty-five million dollars, we might expect that at least one per cent of this sum should be given to the cause of world evangelization. Certainly we spend that much on needless self-indulgence. We could curtail the cost of our pleasures and our comforts, our frills and adornments, our

dissipations and our thrills, and still be civilized Christian citizens of a great country; and we could put the savings of millions of dollars into the program of world salvation and uplift. When every agency of commerce or business in the whole world does not lack finance for promotion and development, is there any reason why the world program of the Kingdom cannot be financed sufficiently to meet the extended opportunities on every hand? I am not contending that our present program is not being financed after a fashion, but saying that our opportunities for advance in every field are restrained and restricted because of our parsimony. The wealth which even Christians now use for worldly and personal comfort should be turned into a working capital for the Church of God.

It is our hope that during this Conference we shall see with clearer vision the imperative need and call for a program that will challenge the greatest liberality of our people for the advancement of the Kingdom in the whole world.

Again, we are here to consider the missionary spirit in the Church. Are we really informed concerning the condition of the world? And, being informed, are we ready to revitalize the Great Commission by going and sending? Has there not settled down upon us the influence of the materialistic and secular forces of the age? It is not easy to fit Christian idealism and the spiritual aims of the Kingdom of God into the prevailing methods and ideals of industry, commerce, or politics. We have been wont to call our civilization in America a Christian civilization. I would not

detract from the mighty influence Christianity has had upon our country. Many things in our national, social, economic, and political life may be called Christian, but our civilization as a whole cannot be termed Christian. All about us is a mode of life and a development of society which is distinctly secular, even pagan. It is organized. It is capable of propagation, and its votaries are numbered by the millions. Its aim is the possession of material wealth and the pursuit of pleasure. When this captures the imagination of man, he becomes thoroughly secularized and little time is left for the imponderable and invisible realities of the Kingdom of God.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in his paper prepared for the recent Jerusalem Conference, said: "Blind cosmic forces do not push the world of man up into beauty, truth, and goodness. These supreme realities of life are the fruit of dedicated spirits, coöperating with God. They do not flourish in a world absorbed in a rush for material gains or bent on quick ephemeral pleasures. Speed of travel, utilization of material forces, conquest of the air by flight, discovery of radio vibration, are no substitutes for love and sacrifice, for insight and vision, for the experinces of God and the enjoyment of fellowship with him."

There was a time when we considered the greatest foes of the Christian religion to be the non-Christian systems. It is not so to-day. Science and contact with Christ's way have proved non-Christian systems to be unsound. They are disintegrating and constitute little menace to the progress of the Gospel. But the greatest menace to the Christian Church

and the modern missionary movement is secularism, or what has been called "secular civilization." It is the greatest foe to the developing life of the Christian Church in America, and certainly that is true in foreign lands. At the Jerusalem Conference, I met one of my friends from Korea. I said, "Will you attend the Committee on Buddhism or the Committee on Confucianism?" "Neither," he said. "Science and contact with Christian life have proved that these religions are false and they are disintegrating. The great foe of the Christian Church in Korea is not Buddhism or Confucianism, but the encroachments of a secular and pagan civilization."

Dr. Rufus Jones said: "The darker side of secular civilization is very much in evidence. Optimists may talk of cosmic progress, or the inevitable forward sweep of things. They may dream of the universe as a kind of moving stair that insistently goes up. The cold facts of history silently refute this easy, rose-water view. Human progress is not inevitable. It depends essentially on the moral and spiritual coöperation of individuals and social groups."

It behooves this great Conference to face the fact that there has sprung up in our midst another great foe to the Christian movement and the onward advance of the Kingdom of God. We must capture the forces of civilization, transform them, regenerate them, bring them into subservience to the Kingdom of God. Only so can we make that Kingdom stretch from shoe to shore and insure that the earth shall finally be as full of the knowledge and glory of the Lord as the waters that cover the seas.

CHAPTER II

WHY WE GO AS FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

BY DR. E. STANLEY JONES

Our chairman did not know, when he stated that the Methodist Episcopal Church had loaned the speaker to you, that in reality you had loaned me to them. The fact is that I started out as a Southern Methodist. As a boy I attended a Southern Methodist Sunday school, the first that I attended. Our family moved a mile beyond, where there was a Northern Methodist Church and Sunday school, and so I transferred my allegiance. You can see that I just escaped being a Southern Methodist. I feel, however, that I have come back to my own home people. I want to talk to you as I would talk to my own home people, for I have something more than an address to deliver.

I was down in South America, and at a luncheon at the American Ambassador's, at Buenos Aires, the Ambassador's wife, a very brilliant woman, turned to me and said: "Why do you do it? I have been wanting to ask this question for a long time. Why are you a foreign missionary? I can understand why men should go to their own people, but why do you go across the seas to be foreign missionaries? What makes you do it? What impels you? What is the motive?" She turned to a big business man by her side, a steel magnate, a man who probably counted his money in hundreds of millions, and said, "Now,

you listen in while he tells us why he does it." And so, with diplomacy on one side and big business on the other listening in, I told her why I was a foreign missionary.

I recognized that we must justify ourselves before a growing criticism. Not only diplomacy and big business are listening in, but the world, the world of morals, of thought, of ideas, are all listening in and asking, Why are you doing it? The missionary enterprise has to look the facts in the face, fearless, unafraid. The final refuge is to be with the facts; and if what we are trying to do does not coincide with those facts, it will wither away and die. I therefore want to discover with you the facts.

Before I go into the matter of answering the question that was put, I would like to clear the issues somewhat. Some of the things I shall say will sound like truisms. I shall tell you some of the motives that do not impel us before I tell some of the reasons that do.

First of all, we do not go to the nations of the East with a sense of our own superiority. We recognize deeply the shortcomings of our own civilization, and we do not go with any such cock-sureness with which we used to go. We have seen too deeply into the evils of our own civilization. We have seen our civilization "with the lid off," and out of the past leered paganism, submerged, but still lurking in the subterranean depths of our own civilization. We recognize now that paganism is not something on the map, geographical. It is something of the spirit, moral and spiritual. There are no longer merely

geographical pagan frontiers, but moral pagan frontiers, and these frontiers we recognize can be at the home base as well as in foreign lands.

You were appalled, as you picked up your paper to-day, at the glaring headlines that stared out at you—the lynching of a man, burned, in our civilization. There was a time when we used to turn pale with horror at the thought of a Hindu widow climbing the funeral pyre of her husband. That has passed away in pagan lands, but still the funeral pyre is set up in our midst. It is still lighted by pagan hands. No longer can we face the East with a sense of superiority. It is with a deep sense of our own need. We do not strive to impose our civilization upon the East. We say to the man of the East: "We do not come to you because you are the worst in the world, but because you are a part of the world. We believe in a world that is Christlike, we know nothing better; so, because you are a part of the world, we come to you. But, if there were not ten thousand working at the task at the home base, we would not come to you. We come because we are all in the same deep human need."

Moreover, we are beginning to recognize now that it would be a loss if we could Anglo-Saxonize the world. We recognize that every nation has its part to contribute to the collective life of our race; that it takes all colors to make a rainbow, and different notes to bring forth a symphony; in the final symphony, when the world shall crown Him Lord of all, we will need different notes, and through it all we will hear notes of tender beauty. The Anglo-Saxon

will contribute his note, his love of truth and frankness. The Latin will contribute his note of love of beauty and art. The Negro will contribute his note. What is it? I have been trying to analyze what it is that gets me so deeply in these Negro spirituals, and I have come to the conclusion that it is this: that the negro people are teaching us how to sing "in spite of." The Cross of Jesus Christ is a gospel of in spite of, seldom on account of, and the Negroes are teaching the race how to sing, in spite of their disabilities and their pains. They have turned their pains into pæans. They spring out of spirituality, and deep speaks unto deep. It is worth living for and dying for, to teach the race how to sing in spite of. I can think no longer, then, of them as being on the border line of civilization, but deeply in it and contributing to it. For the race needs to know how to sing "in spite of," and needs to know that "our troubles won't last always." We ask every nation to bring the tribute of its love to the feet of Jesus Christ.

Again, we have not gone to the East, or to other nations of the world, with a blocked-off ecclesiasticism, saying, "Take this or nothing." We know now that we have added a good deal to the Gospel, some things worth exporting and some not worth exporting. Some things that we have built around it are excrescences of the Gospel that wither away in another land and in another clime. And so we put our civilization and our Churches at the disposal of growing Churches of the East, and say, "Take what is good, what you can intertwine into your thinking, but we do not impose it upon you; we present it as

the best that we have been able to do, but we want you to come at the Gospel first hand and living, and if we have missed notes that you have caught, in heaven's name, bring us those things, for we too are on a quest." We recognize that it will take the sons of men to interpret the Son of Man; that the Galilean is too great for our small hearts, and that we need every man to teach us more about this Man whom we have learned to love, and to whom we give our hearts.

What, then, does impel us to go?

I would like for you to-night to look with me into the heart of the East, and I am going to make that heart center in India. I make bold to speak about India to-night, not only because it has been the place where the twenty-one years I have spent in the East centered, but I have the feeling that some way, somehow, you, as a great denomination, will one day find yourself with us in that task of trying to evangelize India. I have often thought that the warm-hearted people of India need the warm-hearted people of the Southland, and I hope that I am not too bold in saying that maybe out of this Conference shall come the thought, at least a seed thought, that shall bring you to the aid of the forces that are trying to bring three hundred and twenty million people in India to Christ. I would like to think that you are standing with us too. The task is too big for us, and we invite you to come over and help us. As I go through my message to-night, I want you to ask yourself the question, whether you have anything to

give to that situation, and I hope that my question will be answered by the very facts that are presented.

I am going to talk almost at random about one of many such days spent in India, and through this day I would like for you to see into the larger situation. It happened to be a day spent in the native city of Indore. The Maharaja, you remember, had been deposed by the British Government because of his complicity in a murder. Later on, he married an American woman, Miss Miller, and Miss Miller was inducted into caste Hinduism. Many thousands from the West have been brought into philosophical Hinduism. Let me say this, that, while secular civilization is a tremendous rival to Christianity at the present time, we must not overlook the fact that Hinduism has stood against the shock of the ages, and to-day is bidding for the heart of the West. South America is honeycombed with it. You will find it in our drawing-rooms, in our literature, in our universities, and the whole tendency toward Pantheism is a tendency straight toward Hinduism. Theosophy is sweeping across our country. The fact is that if we do not Christianize the East, it is going to paganize us. Miss Miller was inducted into caste Hinduism, which had been closed to one outside. This marks a stage of militancy on the part of Hinduism. It was losing at the rate of 100,000 souls to the Christian Church every year. It became alarmed. It has now become militant, aggressive.

When the Maharaja left his native city, he fed the whole city. It cost him 200,000 rupees, and I am told that bags and bags of sugar were poured into

the wells of the city, so that the tongues of the people, being sweetened, might speak kindly of him after he was gone. A device that our politicians have not yet discovered!

I found myself practically a guest of that native city. Every night officials were there in the great college hall, officials and students, and at the close of the address, we would throw the meeting open for questions. I dared do this because I believed in my case. I have been cross-examined for hours by keen-minded lawyers, sometimes by as many as thirty at one time. We run our meetings in India, not by the hourglass but by the heartbeat. We go on until we are exhausted, and then go home and get some rest, and come back again, and so go on for hour after hour. It is wonderful to find your case standing up under things. A man said to me a few weeks ago, "I read your last book the night when the famous prize fight took place, when two famous bruisers tried to beat each other into submission." You members of the Church here will remember their names! He said, "The thing that struck me was this: It occurred to me, as I read about your Round Table Conferences, that there was a deeper sort of bruising, a bruising of the spirit, taking place there, than the bruising of the body over there in the ring." He turned to me and asked, "Aren't there scars on your faith?" I replied, "Yes, my brother, there are many deep scars on my faith, for I have exposed my faith for twenty-one years before the keen mind of the East, night and day, and they have beaten upon it; but underneath those scars there are no uncertain-

ties." And that is the reason I dare expose myself for questions in this way.

But I thought that that was not enough. So each morning we would have those who would like to come and talk personally about their difficulties to meet me in the little Church at the center of the city. Now, that Church was also a school, a simple thing to say, and yet it is one of the most important things I can say here to-night, a Church which was also a school. Is it possible that religion and knowledge may coincide? Is it possible that we can think in believing, and believe in thinking? Is it possible that we can love God with mind as well as with the emotions? Can religion be open-eyed, frank, loving truth and fact, and having open sincerity? If it cannot, then it is doomed, and it ought to be doomed. If religion cannot follow with bated breath the footsteps of God, through His universe as well as through the pages of sacred Scripture, then religion has no growing place in our world of demand for fact.

I was down in South America, and I saw a monument in Buenos Aires that greatly interested me. Here was a magnificent bit of sculpture, that expressed the view of the educated man of Latin America with regard to religion. At the front of the monument was a figure of Liberty, her torch aloft. By the side of Liberty was Youth, standing, looking with eager face into the future toward the sunrise. On the other side of Liberty was Learning, her hand up to her face and an open book before her, thoughtfulness written on every feature. Before these figures were some muscular men, pushing at the prow

of a boat, evidently typifying the Boat of Human Progress being pushed into the future. Over on the other side of the monument were two men caught in the toils of great serpents that had entwined themselves about these two men. One had succumbed, had given up the battle. The other was still putting up a fight and looking toward the rising sun, with a ray of hope in his face. At the back of the monument, faced toward the setting sun, was the figure of Faith, an anchor in one hand and a palm branch in the other, and her eyes were blindfolded. I said to myself: "Faith, what are you doing here at the back of this monument, facing toward the setting sun, waiting for release? Why aren't you around on the other side of this monument, the soul of Liberty, the inspiration of Youth, the heart of Learning, power to these men as they push the boat of Human Progress into the future? And Faith, what are you doing in regard to the moral battle, where men struggle with serpents in the dark? Why this placidity and waiting for release? And those eyes, why blindfolded? This is not the Faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. He said, 'You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'" You can write that statement over the portals of any scientific establishment in the country, and it will exactly express the demand that science makes, to know the truth. The truth shall make us free; and if Jesus Christ does not coincide with that ultimate truth, the sooner you and I find it out the better. I am not afraid that we will be too scientific. I am afraid we will not be scientific enough. If we go far enough with the

facts, they will bring us out at the central moral fact of the universe, Jesus Christ.

A group of freethinkers in Canada were sitting down for several days freely thinking how to live. They challenged the Ten Commandments, every one of them. But they wanted to know how to live. They talked for two days, challenging everything in sight, and at the end of two days, a young woman said: "Where are we coming out? What have we got? Have we anything constructive?" She added, "It seems to me that the thing for us to do is to think about the other fellow when we act; that is about the only way to live." "Huh," one of them sneered, "that is only the Golden Rule." They had thought for two days, and the only constructive thing they could come to was the Golden Rule. If men will only think enough, and far enough, and intensely enough, and really enough, their eyes will gaze upon this Man. I am sure of it. Therefore it was of some significance that I sat that morning in the Church that was also a school. Thank God, Christianity does not ask for the asceticism of the mind but its devotion; not for the asceticism of the body but its dedication; not for snuffing out of life, but conservation of life. The Gospel means wholeness. Thank God for a faith that comes out of the Gospel open-eyed and frank, unafraid to think, yearning to follow the footprints of God as He walks through His world and walks through the pages of Holy Writ. Hinduism is wearing away, under the impact of our scientific methods. A Hindu educator said to a friend of mine, "Higher education is a good

thing for your Christian girls, but not for our Hindu girls." My friend asked him, "Why?" He replied, "The reason is, that our girls lose their faith under the impact of scientific investigation, and the basis of their morals is undermined, and so they go to pieces morally. But higher education is a good thing for your Christian girls." Why? Because the Gospel can live here. It lives gloriously here. For, if men want the facts, here they are. If men want truth, here it stands, clothed and beautiful, looking at us with tender eyes, touching us with redemptive hands. Here truth becomes power, as it meets us in this Person.

As I sat there in the little Church that was also a school, I looked across and saw a woman come out in the morning to perform her morning worship. She took a brass vessel, poured out a libation to the rising sun, folded her hands, and prayed a prayer. And I was reverent before her reverence, I was respectful before her deep devotion; because I knew that but for the grace of God, there I was. I remembered how close our civilization was to the same thing.

Some people say, "I do not believe in foreign missions"—belated minds, of course. The person who does not believe in foreign missions should be willing to go back to where we were before foreign missions touched us. Saint Jerome, writing in the fourth century, says, "I well remember the Scots in Gaul. They were eaters of flesh. They had plenty of flocks and herds, but they much preferred the ham of the herdsman or a steak from a human breast as a rarity." And Servius, a Roman, said, "The

stupidest and ugliest slaves in the market are those from Britain."

We must remember that we too were once slaves; our whole civilization was brooded over by a darkness as dense as that of Egyptian midnight. And then there came a light. Intrepid missionaries pouring into the fastnesses of Europe brought to our savage ancestors a light, and put something into their hands that, if it ever goes out, will leave us to stumble on into darkness deeper than blackest midnight; for, if the light which is in us becomes darkness, how great will be that darkness. I believe, if Jesus Christ were standing here to-day, He would say this: "No man that lights a candle will put it under a bushel." A bushel is the symbol of trade, of occupation, of business. Christ says, don't put that lighted candle under a bushel, under trade, under occupation, under business. If we do, our civilization is doomed. The meaning of this missionary meeting, as I understand it, is to help save your portion of America from putting her light under a bushel. If we do put that light under the bushel it will become a snuffer out of that light, and we will be a people of a bushel, instead of people of a blessing. We want to put that candle upon a bushel, as a candlestick. Then it lights business, and it lights the surrounding people. But if it is underneath, and business takes the mastery, and business overshadows, then we are doomed.

I could not despise my sister as she bowed to the rising sun, for we too had worshiped that same sun. The names of the gods that we worshiped are retained in the names of the days of the week: Sun-

day, the sun god; Monday, the moon god; Tuesday, Tuisco; Wednesday, Woden; Thursday, Thor; Friday, Friga; Saturday, Saturn. So I knew that, but for the grace of God, there I was worshiping the rising sun. And that woman worshiping the rising sun stands for the vast idolatry that is still on the soul of our Indian people. I wish I could tell you that it has vanished, but it is still there. In the earliest times, there were three gods in India. In later literature, the number became thirty-three; then three hundred and thirty; then thirty-three thousand; then three hundred and thirty thousand, and then thirty-three million. If you ask the average Indian how many gods there are, he will say three hundred and thirty-three million, which is about one for each human being in India. And why have they added god to god? Because no satisfactory god has emerged. And I would do it too, if I had not seen this Face that I see. I would do it too, if I had not looked into this Face marred more than the face of any man. The woman worshiping the rising sun stands for the vast idolatry that is still there.

As she worshiped, a drove of cattle came by. The cow is still sacred in India. A woman came out with a child upon her hip. Now, a mother is the most beautiful thing that God ever made, in the East or in the West. And I could almost see what was taking place in the heart of this mother. The Indian woman is a queen. She has borne burdens upon her head until they have made her straight. Burdens always do. And then she wears—I know it sounds like treason to say it in this place, but I think she wears

the most beautiful dress in the world. The Indian *sari* framing the face, and falling in beautiful folds about her, is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Here was an Indian mother, with a baby astraddle her hip, her arm encircling the babe. She went behind the drove of cattle, caught some of the dripping urine of a cow, and sprinkled it upon her babe and herself, to keep away the Evil Eye. That woman that day was going into a world of fears. Her pathway was shadowed with fears; and she wanted to keep away the fears from her babe, and so she did the best that she knew; she sprinkled herself and her babe. And that stands for the second thing that is upon the horizon still—superstition.

We forget what we owe to Jesus Christ. He came bringing religion linked with sanity. His nail-pierced hand moved across our civilization and brushed those shadows away. He came and said: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world"—that world of fear into which we came. Jesus Christ came and banished those fears, and gave us a world where we are at home with God as our Father.

I looked past this woman, and saw something that made my heart tingle with joy. It was a baby welfare center and maternity home, run by an Indian Christian doctor and Christian nurses. Now, if there is one thing that we in the mission field look forward to, it is the sprout of self-help, of standing upon one's own feet. We are trying to work ourselves out of a job. We are trying to assist the Indian Christian Church and the Chinese Christian Church to increase while we decrease. Any bit of self-help that we find

causes us to rejoice with deep joy, for we are not there to do a work, but to create men that will do it; we are not there to manage people, but to thrust people out and say, Go, my brothers, into the shadows and darkness, and we are with you. So we watch with almost bated breath the Church growing. We rejoice in it, and ask for nothing, except to be servants of the situation. We ask for nothing but to be stimulators—not bosses of the situation. We want them to become self-propagating, self-supporting, and self-managing. Here were these Christian doctors and nurses, with their torches lighted at the altar of Christian missions. They had gone out to set them up in the darkness, attending to two classes, the woman and the child.

We forget what womanhood owes to Jesus Christ. I once saw a Mohammedan getting his wives into the compartment of a train. He was literally herding them in. They all seemed to be in. The train started off. He must have called the roll and found one of them missing, for he waved his hand wildly out the window, and shouted to the guard on the platform, "Stop, stop! One has been left behind." From the other end of the platform there rushed up a palanquin, and one of these little women ducked out and into the compartment. The train started a second time. Again he must have called the roll and found another missing, for more wildly than before, he shouted out the window, "Stop, stop!. One more has been left behind." Another palanquin ran up, and *two* more of them ducked out. That seemed to make up the required number, for the train moved on.

But no one on the platform smiled. I am not quite sure whether I smiled, or wept. I suppose I did a little of each. Here was tragedy, and here was comedy.

Jesus never warned men of women, nor women of men, but both of lust. Man and woman were placed on an exact equality, and were to live together until death separated them, either spiritual death, adultery, or physical death. He laid the foundation of that most beautiful thing in the world, the Christian home. If that ever withers away and dies, civilization will wither away and die.

And then we forget what our children owe to Jesus Christ. Before Jesus came, in Roman society, when a child was born it was presented to the father, and the father would often work the child's legs and arms to see whether they would work well, and look it over to see whether he would keep it; and if its legs and arms would not work well, or if he did not like it, he would break its back over his knees and throw it out. It was only a baby! And then Jesus came and said the tenderest words that ever fell from lips, human or divine: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." It was the coronation of our childhood. He set a child in the midst. In the midst of whom? In the midst of moralists, in the midst of thinkers, in the midst of reformers, in the midst of the world, and said, "Here is the center of the universe. Teach the heart of a little child, and you teach the whole future. But if you cause one of these little ones to stumble, it were better for you that a millstone were hanged

about your neck, and you were drowned in the depths of the sea."

I looked into a pagan temple, and saw Siva, one of their gods, with his trident in his hand, piercing the prostrate form of a little child. I walked away, repeating the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It means everything to have that in our world.

And so these Indian Christians were there attending to these two classes, the woman and the child, and I was grateful.

The first man who came to see me that morning was a Kshatriya. The Kshatriya is a member of the second caste, the warrior caste. There are four great castes: first, the Brahman, or priestly caste; second, the Kshatriya, or warrior caste; third, the Vaishya, or trading caste; and fourth, the Sudra, or serving caste; and below those are outcastes who have no standing in any caste, so low that they have to reach up to touch bottom. These castes are divided and subdivided. Caste is giving away very rapidly, under the impact of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the nationalist movement. They are in all stages of breaking caste, and there are many subterfuges in breaking it. I was at an intercaste dinner in South India. I turned to a Brahman by my side. I could see by his face that his universe was falling in on him —he was eating with an unclean outcaste; that was what I was to him. I asked, "Is this the first time you have broken over?" He replied, "This is the first time." I added, "What will your family say about it?" He said, "I told them that I was going to a tea party. They would not mind a tea party so

much, but would mind a full dinner like this." He was in the tea-party stage of breaking caste, but not in the full dinner stage.

I said to a Brahman in a train compartment with me, "I am going to have my vegetarian dinner brought in here." And let me pause to say I have become a vegetarian for their sakes. They believe in transmigration, and if you believe in transmigration, of course, you don't want to eat meat. Paul said, "If to eat meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands." My Brahman friend remarked, "I can't have mine brought in here." I asked, "Why? Are you afraid of the Evil Eye?" The Brahman is not only untouchable, he is unseeable, when he eats. The eyes can make his food unclean. He said, "No, I have to eat mine in the Brahman refreshment room." I said, "Why? Are you afraid of my Evil Eye?" He replied, "No, but different kinds of people emit different kinds of electricity; and if the man who sees you eat emits a different kind of electricity from yours, it stops digestion." There are all sorts of subterfuges. But caste is giving away rapidly under this impact of the democracy of the Gospel.

My Kshatriya brother belonged to the warrior caste, and when he looked at me I knew that the whole past was looking out of his proud eyes. For he had conquered India; had thrown back the Mohammedan hordes as they came over. Instead of an individual, it was a racial history looking at me. His forefathers were philosophers when mine were savages. They had built up vast civilizations when

we were roaming barbarians in the forests; he was proud still of that past, so I knew I was talking, not to a mere individual, but to racial history. He said, "Mr. Jones, I have two objections to what you said last night." I thought to myself that I got off very easy—only two! I usually get more than that. One of the things that I miss in the homeland is a sense of struggle. You are too kindly. You are too gracious. It is like running your motor when the clutch is not in. I do not feel as if I am pulling and tugging against things. I know I have to fight for very inch I get in the soul of the Hindu. But I may be wrong about your kindliness. I may be talking to more paganism than I know in the pews at home!

I asked a Mohammedan one day, "Why aren't you a Christian? You have been in contact with it a long time." He said, "My blood and bones are Christian, but my skin is still Mohammedan." I think I have seen some people the other way around; blood and bones pagan and skin Christian; their Christianity just about that deep, and no deeper.

My Kshatriya brother looked at me and said, "I have two objections to what you said last night. You said that there was forgiveness. How can there be forgiveness in our world? The law of Karma runs through our world, and everything must be paid for, every jot and tittle. Just as a calf will find its mother among a thousand cows, so your deeds will find you among a thousand rebirths. So you must pay back at last everything. There is no forgiveness, because forgiveness would interfere with that law. Second, you said last night that God cared. If God cares, he

is unhappy, and if unhappy, he is imperfect, and if imperfect, he is not God. How, then, can God care about the sin and misery of the world? No, no! He is perfect and apart from the tragedy and pain of our world. He is not involved in it."

I have not time to go into the answer that I gave to the first question, but I said to him, "My brother, in regard to the second question, I think you miss the secret of joy in our universe. Who are the happy people in our world? The happiest people in the world are those who are doing most, at cost to themselves, for other people. The most unhappy people in the world are people who are trying to escape the pain and sorrow and misery of the world." Around the world, wherever I have seen a shining face and countenance that clothed a heart that has learned a song, I have found the people are happiest who are doing something for others at deep cost to themselves. Their crosses turn to Easter mornings. The most unhappy people in the world are those people that concentrate themselves on themselves. The most unhappy Church that I ever met with in America was a million-dollar Church. They built a million-dollar Church at the expense of doing something for the rest of the world, and the pastor and people of that Church were the most unhappy people among Church circles I have met in America. They had their million-dollar body, but a two-cent soul.

So I said to my Kshatriya brother, "The God that I know knows the joy, the deep joy of saving others, at cost. The most exquisite joy that comes to any

life is the joy that comes to him in saving others at cost to himself. He knows the shepherd's joy who receives back the lost sheep, and he says, "Rejoice with me; I have found my sheep! So the God that I know is a happy God, because He is a God that knows the Cross." But my Kshatriya brother went away. The past had gripped him. He was too hard for me. I have watched them go away until my heart has broken. They do not all go away, thank God. Some do stay and look into that Face, but so many go. And if you want to know what it is that breaks the missionary's heart, it is not absence from home, for we have learned to find another home in another land. The Hebrews said they could not sing a song in a strange land, but we have learned to do it. But the thing that breaks one's heart is to watch them go away.

The second man who came was a Brahman. Now, the Brahman is at the head of the social scale, and is usually proud, but my Brahman brother was greatly troubled. He had looked into the face of Christ, and it troubled him, and he could not get away from it. He was caught between allegiances; the past was holding him, while the new was gripping him, and he was the man of the divided heart. That is educated India to-day. I have traced in my little book how this Christ has come down into the Indian situation. Some think that, because we traced it, we were satisfied with it. Of course, we are not satisfied with it, not satisfied with it this side of an utter allegiance to Jesus Christ, utter and absolute. If you give me an inch in the soul of India, I will take

it, and then appeal for the next inch, and the next inch, and the next, until the whole soul of India is laid at the feet of Christ. I watch with bated breath how Christ walks into the soul of my people.

My Brahman brother was caught between allegiances, and was deeply troubled. He said, "Mr. Jones, do I have to give up my home, to be a Christian?" I could not tell him, offhand, lightly, easily, "Yes, do it," unless I should be willing, under the same circumstances, to walk out of my home and say good-by to my family and never return, on account of my allegiance to Jesus Christ. And that is what it would mean to him. When the moment comes when they can stay in their homes and be Christians, and that moment is beginning to dawn on the horizon, then we will reach the educated classes by the tens of thousands. It is beginning to come. My Brahman brother represents that vast section of the educated mind that is caught between allegiances. I have not time to follow his story through, for I must hasten to the last man that I am to talk about tonight.

The last man who came to see me was the type that I am dealing with most in India, the educated man, a brilliant lawyer, well educated in the learning of the East and of the West, of that type that is bidding for self-government, a type that I respect deeply. I respect them because I have been compelled to. I have been under their cross examination. He came in quietly, and used these words: "Mr. Jones, I have not come to argue religion with you, and I have not come to merely talk abstractly, but I

have come to ask you a question. Last night you said something that deeply interested me. You told about a spiritual experience that had transformed you." "Now," he said, "will you tell me the content of that experience? What did you find? God? What happened to you? What happened to your moral life, to your social relationships? What did it do for you? Now, don't argue. Just tell me the content." And I knew, as he looked into my face, that he was not an individual looking at me as an individual, but that the whole of Hinduism was looking straight at me and through me to Christianity, and saying, "Can Christ do anything? Can He say that healing word? Can He give us what we need?" And I knew that I could not present to that man a doctrine, however true it might be, nor a book, however holy and true it might be. He wanted to know whether the thing was working; it had to be presented to him through experience. He looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Is it working? Is it a fact?" And here is the deep challenge that comes out of the heart of the East, that sends us to our knees. It says this, "Does it really work, or not?" One of the finest things that Christian missions is doing to the whole Church is this—it is sending us back to reality. The non-Christian world is looking straight at us, and asking questions, and I am glad it is. I hope it will continue to ask them, to ask embarrassing questions, questions that go to the deepest of things, for we want truth and reality.

I was talking to a Hindu medical student one day, and he said, "Mr. Jones, tell me how to find God."

I took out my New Testament to find certain passages that would point as guideposts on the way. While I was reading those passages, he reached over and closed the book in my hand, gently but firmly, and said, "Please, sir, close that book, and you tell me, out of your own experience, how you found God." And I think he had a right to ask me that question. Does it work, or not? This is the supreme test. The only reason I can call Jesus Christ a Saviour is because He saves. The only test of light is that it shines; the only test of revelation is that it reveals; the only test of a Saviour is that He saves. Dare we call Him a Saviour? I am glad that I could. It was not boasting; it was testimony.

I was seated in a group of people one day in one of the Round Table Conferences, and after it was over, one of the Hindus spoke up and said this: "What you said was very interesting. You say that you found salvation. Now, we think, when we find salvation, that we shall be saved from five sins: sexual desire, anger, avarice, desire for things, and egotism. We think we ought to be saved from those five sins, if we have salvation. May I ask you, are you saved from those five sins?" My judgment day was on. There was no dodging the issue. There I was. I looked those five sins straight in the eyes, and where I had failed I said I had failed, and told him where the failure was, that it was mine not His, and any time, any moment that I consented to be saved from any one of those five sins, I had been; that Christ does not fail at the crucial test of saving one who has consented to be saved.

I was down among the Chinese in the Straits Settlements, holding a Round Table Conference, in addition to our public meetings, and I was interested in hearing what the Chinese were saying, as to what religion was to them in experience. Wonderful people, these Chinese. The turn of a Chinese teacher came, and I was interested to hear what he would say. I knew that religion was meaning a good deal to him in his home. His wife had been converted seven years before as a schoolgirl, when I was down there. They told me that it cost her a fortune to become a follower of Christ. When I saw her seven years later, I knew, if it cost her a fortune, that it was cheap, because she had something that a fortune could not purchase, that quiet sense of God, of light. This is what her husband said: "Sometime ago I wrote out in my Bible what my religion was meaning to me, and this is what I wrote: 'It works.' And under it I wrote this, 'Ask for this and that and the other definition, and I may not be able to give it; but it works. Ask me for this and that and the other explanation. I may not be able to give it; but it works. I put my faith under sorrow and it learns to sing, and under life and it learns to live. Thank God, it works.'" And it does!

I turned to a Chinese teacher one day, and said, "My sister, are you a Christian?" She looked at me, rather surprised, and said, "Yes," and I saw her look out across the fields, and over the hills, and after a long time of meditation, she turned to me and said, "Mr. Jones, I think it is wonderful to be a Christian."

So do I. My heartstrings began to throb in sympathy with what she said, "It is wonderful to be a Christian." It is wonderful to have, in this Gospel of ours, a message that you can utterly trust; that under the scars of our faith there need be no uncertainties. It is wonderful to be a Christain, to know that an Easter morning is in your calendar.

You ask me why I am a missionary? It is because I am a Christian. I know I cannot remain a Christian and not be a missionary, because this was given to me and I must give it too. It is not because something compels me to do it. Some one impels me to do it. I want everybody to know Him. I want everybody to see Him. Somebody says, "Aren't they getting along pretty well without Him?" The fact is, I do not know anybody, in the East or in the West, who is getting along pretty well without Him. We are made for Christ, as the eye is made for light, as the conscience is made for truth, as the æsthetic nature is made for beauty, as the heart is made for love. We are made for Christ, and when we find Him we have, not a way of life or the medicine of life, merely, but life. I knew the night that I arose from a Methodist altar, that I had not found the medicine of life, but that I had found life itself; everything in me tingled with deepest joy; it was life, and life abundant.

In India a dear old saint said to me one day, "Mr. Jones, they tell me that I am going blind. I would not mind going blind, if it is God's will, but of course it would be a little inconvenient." And that

was all! It is wonderful to be a Christian! Smite her blind, and she would still see. Take away her world, and she would still live in another. She was safe, because she could stand anything that might happen to her. It is wonderful to have a Gospel like that. She was down in a small station in India, and her wonderful æsthetic soul was looking at the sunset. (She was a wonderful streak of humor.) She looked at the wonderful sunset, and turned to a friend of mine and said, "What a wonderful sunset, especially for such a little place." The more I look at my Gospel, the beauty of it and the wonder of it, I wonder how one little heart, like mine, could see it. It is a wonderful sunset for such a little place! Anybody can have it, can realize it, and know it.

Now, I want to go back and ask in closing, "Has Jesus Christ anything to offer to that situation? Has He, or not? From the woman yonder bowing to the rising sun as she prayed in the morning, the woman with the baby astraddle her hip, my Kshatriya friend, my Brahman friend, and my lawyer friend—from the lowest superstition up to the highest intelligence—has Christ anything to offer for that situation?" I believe he has, and I believe it is Christ or nothing.

I have looked into the soul of the East and found it empty of everything except yearning. If Jesus Christ cannot speak the final word that this world needs to hear, I do not think it will be spoken. If His lips cannot frame the word that we need to hear to heal us, then I don't think anybody else can. It is Christ or Chaos, and we do not want it to be

chaos. We want it to be something else; so we have met in this Conference with serious purpose. This is the biggest thing that we can deal with to-day, the biggest enterprise that the world has on its hands to-day, making over the world after the image of Jesus Christ. Therefore, we want the finest of your sons and the finest of your daughters; we want your prayers; we want your consecrated money; we want you to say, "I will not rest until the last man is brought in." There is no stopping place this side of the last man and the last human need.

We are in the crisis at the present time in our American Church life. Alexander tried to conquer India. He came down over the Punjab, crossed four rivers of the Punjab. He came to the fifth one, the Beas. Below him lay India, the prize for which he had come a long, long way. But it was September, and September in the Punjab is steamy. The climate puts its hand on one and says, "Sit down, and don't do anything; just sit." The climate here in the United States gets behind you and says, "Hurry up and go on." The climate had its hands on Alexander's soldiers. Alexander gave them a great oration, to whip them up to fighting mood. But they were conquered. The inertia of the East had them. He saw that his words fell dead upon their ears, and sadly he turned back, poured out a libation to the sun, sailed down the Indus River, up the Persian Gulf, and died in a drunken brawl at Babylon. The East had conquered him. The conquest of the East by the West had failed. The East had turned him back by its very inertia.

On an evangelistic tour, we were coming down over the Punjab and came to this same river, the Beas. I had with me a friend from the United States, a professor, a man highly educated, a beautiful spirit who loved India, but he had not been with me two weeks, when he said, "I cannot go on. I can teach comparative religions in America in the Seminary, but this demands something of spiritual experience that I haven't got to match against it; I must get something, or go back." He had met his Beas, and the thing was getting him—spiritually getting him. He added, "I am not coming to breakfast this morning. I am going out on the banks of the river to settle matters with God." He walked out and was gone for some hours. When he came back again I saw that he was a changed man. God had been waiting for that hour, and had met him. He said to me, "You know, I went out there to get my gasoline tank filled, but I have come back with an entirely new engine." I asked him, "What about it? Are you ready to cross over the Beas and go over into the soul of India? Is it going to get you, or are you going on?" He said, "Come on, and let's go on." We went on, and I watched him with the groups around him, and I saw him spiritually adequate. He had something to give.

We have come to our Beas, at home and abroad. The secular civilization is going to get us and wither us if we do not watch out, and the inertia of the East is going to get us if we are not careful. We have come to our Beas. It will either turn us back, and we will sadly return as Alexander did, or we will go

deeper into the soul of the nations. You are not merely here to study about the conditions of the East, or South America, or Europe, but you are here to study how to meet your Beas; to go deeper that we might go further; to get more of this passion of the Christ that will send us into the soul of the nations.

CHAPTER III

JESUS CHRIST

BY DR. E. STANLEY JONES

At the Jerusalem meeting of the International Missionary Council one question was raised that I think needs to be answered before we can go on with certainty in regard to the whole missionary enterprise. Many questions became acute at Jerusalem. You remember that when Jesus hung upon the cross, upon His lips trembled a question, "My God, why—?" It seemed that all the questions that torment the hearts of people were caught up in that question, "My God, why—?" So at Jerusalem many of the questions that were gathered from the ends of the earth seemed to be summed up in those terribly searching hours. And we knew that we were not dealing with academic questions, for the whole program trembled upon those answers. The whole of the future depended upon the kind of answers we could give. Would we find at the very end that we had no answer? If so, the missionary enterprise would wither and fade and die. I would like to mention one or two questions that became acute at that time.

One was the question of whether we were not going into syncretism. Some people felt the tendency toward a syncretism, a patchwork of truths, Christianity among them. I think there is no deeper danger to the Christian program than just that; if

at the top and at the end syncretism is formed, then the whole meaning of Christianity and the Christian program of missions ends in a mush of amiability. We faced that question. We decided this: eclecticisms pick and choose, syncretisms combine, but only life assimilates. Christianity is not an eclecticism; it shuns it. It is not syncretism; it evades it. It is life. It assimilates. It reached back into Judaism, picked out the things that were akin to its own life, caught them up into its own life, but at the end the life was its own. And the laws of its own growth were the determining factors as to the final disposition of those elements of Judaism. It reached back into Greek philosophy, picked out the idea of the Word, caught it up into its own life, and said, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Like a plant that reaches down to the soil and picks out things that are akin to its own life, Christianity will reach back into the systems of thought everywhere and take out those things that are akin to its own life, but the end will be, not a compromise, but an assimilation and a blending of the whole by rescuing any good that lies at the heart of other cultures, but the final disposition shall be determined by the laws that underlie the Christian system. Christianity is life, and therefore it assimilates, but it shuns syncretism.

Another question that became very acute at that time was this: Is the Gospel simply something more, or is it something other? Is it a prolongation of other truths, or is the difference so great in degree

that it amounts to a difference in kind? It was a formative moment when Professor Otto, author of that brilliant book, *The Idea of the Holy*, who had gone to India with the idea that the Gospel was a prolongation of other truths, stood up in our midst and said, "I have come to the conclusion that it is not merely a prolongation; there is something other in the gospel." The Lord Jesus Christ is not simply plus. He confronts us from the other side. If it is a mere elongation, He is an example. If it is a confronting from the other side—God's side—he is a Redeemer. Because He was more, He is an example. Because He is other, He is a Redeemer. It was a great moment when that great Conference could say, "Yes, there is more in Him, but there is something *other* in Him, the divine God meeting us, confronting us with redemption."

But the question that I want to discuss is one that was raised by a brilliant-minded Indian who took the floor and asked: "Would it make any difference if Mahatma Gandhi should become a Christian?" He added, "I want this Conference to answer that question, and until you answer it we cannot go on." As soon as it had been raised we saw immediately that here was the crux of the question. Does Gandhi also need Christ? If not, then there is a point at which life can arrive where Jesus becomes irrelevant, unnecessary to human living. Then if Christ is not necessary for all men, He is necessary for no man, for what is not universal is not true. He is necessary for all or not necessary at all. Immediately we saw the cruciality of the question, would it

make any difference to Mahatma Gandhi if he did become a Christian? Somebody has said when you face a problem, face it in its most acute form, in its most difficult phase; answer it there and you answer it all down the line.

One can see at once what Christ is doing for lower human life, for outcasts. But here is Gandhi, recognized by all who know him as one of the world's greatest men. Gandhi says that he is not a Christian and is seeking for salvation through another system. What about this?

Now let me say that I think that Gandhi has two great contributions to give us. First, we who live in this civilization that is enamored of things are startled at a man who can utterly renounce things. He has taught us that riches may be in the abundance of one's wealth or in the fewness of one's wants. Gandhi has this message for us: that true riches consist in what is on the inside, and that a man can be rich in the fewness of his wants. Emerson refused to take a salary of more than twelve hundred dollars a year, because he said he wanted time to think.

Second, Gandhi has called our attention to the weapons that underlie our gospel—namely, overcoming evil with good, hate by love, the world by a cross. The only way to conquer is to conquer by invincibility of soul that knows how to suffer. The people who do this are the terrible meek. He has called our attention to the fact that armaments are not the sign of our strength but of our weakness, of how little we love and trust and believe in the imponderables. May I say this: that if the United

States abandons her traditional attitude toward the world of trust and good will and friendship and belief in every man, and substitutes the policy of distrust, working that out with armaments greater than any other nation, we will step down from our high calling and miss the way that Jesus Christ offered to us as a nation. For us to sign the Kellogg Peace Pact and thus declare that we will never resort to war, and then the next moment sign a bill calling for an enlarged naval program is to stultify and abdicate our high calling. Gandhi has called our attention to these facts in a vivid way. Gandhi has a contribution to make to us.

But has Christianity anything to give to Gandhi? That is the question. Sometime ago Gandhi, speaking to a group of us, said in regard to religion that there should be no conversions; we should not even inwardly crave that another should share our faith. There should be no conversions whatever in religion. My friend, Mr. Andrews, remonstrating with him about it, said to him, "Aren't you inconsistent here; aren't you the biggest converter of us all? Aren't you trying to convert the British Empire to your views and trying to convert all India to your social and economic opinions?" "O," said Gandhi in reply, "that is quite true, for in the realm of the political and social and economic we can be sufficiently certain to convert, but in the realm of religion there is not sufficient certainty to convert anybody, and therefore there can be no conversions in religion."

I wonder if he has not unwittingly put his finger

on the reason why we do not have more conversions? We are too uncertain to convert. When I turn to the New Testament I find that those men were so certain they could not but convert. They had something in their hearts that made them sure. Their question marks had been straightened out into exclamation points. A question mark is a poor resting place for tired souls. No one can convert a world with question marks. In Heaven's name, if you have nothing but question marks to give to us of the East, don't come. But if you have faced your doubts unafraid and straightened them out into exclamation points, then come to us. For we want certainty. And not a mere dogmatic, assertive certainty, but a certainty that writes itself upon every line of your soul, a certainty that you do not cling to but that clings to you; something that you cannot escape, that gets hold of you like light gets hold of the eye and like truth hits the conscience.

But Gandhi is uncertain at the deepest place. Is it possible that here is the place where Gandhi has an area of need? Sometime ago he wrote in his paper these words: "I have not seen God, neither do I know Him, but I have made the world's faith in God my own." Now I ask this: Can the Christian, the sincere Christian I mean, give anything better than that? Can he say, "I have seen Him. I do know Him, and I have not merely made the world's faith in God my own, but I have one of my own"? Can he or can he not? If he says it, will it be boasting or simply testimony?

At the beginning of each year I write down some

verse that seems to haunt me. I do not seek it, but it seems to seek me; some verse out of the Scripture upon which it seems I live during the year as a central seed thought. The verse that sought me last year was this: "I have seen the Lord." Was it boasting or fact? When we have looked into that Face, marred more than the face of any man, do we say, "This is the Father, and it sufficeth us?"

Gandhi said these words in his paper. He said, concerning a certain gusu, or teacher, "Much as I admired him, I could not give him my heart. The throne is still vacant, and my search continues." Now I ask this: Can a sincere Christian say anything better than that? The throne might still be vacant. His search might be continuing, but it certainly will not be because he has not found a satisfactory gusu, for the moment a man looks into the face of Jesus Christ, he says to himself, "My search is over, for this is the Way, this is the Truth, and this is the Life." But Gandhi's throne is still vacant, because there has been no one yet who could fill that throne.

I went to see Gandhi and stayed with him for some days. It frightened some of my missionary friends. Some of them said, "We don't know what may happen to Stanley Jones; he may become a Hindu." But I believe in my Gospel so thoroughly that I was willing to expose it to the finest and best that Hinduism has. For there is only one refuge in life and that is in truth and reality, and if what I hold does not coincide with truth the sooner I find it out the better. So I threw up all the windows to

let anything come in that was better than what I had. A missionary wrote to me and said, "I was afraid to see you go in there. I was afraid that you would not come out a missionary; that the nerve of your passion might be cut."

While I was there a Sadhu came eight hundred miles to ask two questions of Gandhi. India is that kind of country. After he asked the two questions of Gandhi, he came to me and asked me the same questions: "How can I get rid of sin, and how can I find God?" I said, "Would you mind telling me what Gandhi told you?" He replied, "No, I don't mind telling you what he told me. He told me to sit down in one place and not roam about as the Sadhus do, but stay in one place until I had conquered my senses and my passions and worn them out, and then I might find release." I asked, "Was there no offer of immediate relief?" "O, no; he said it would take a long, long time." He turned to me and said, "Now what do you say?" And I told him what had happened to me. My yearning was exactly his yearning, for I had those **two needs**—one negative, the other positive. I needed to **know** how to get rid of sin, and I needed to know God, but I did not need to stay in one place until I had worn out my passions. I simply turned over a bankrupt soul to Jesus Christ, and lo, as I gave my all, He gave me His all. The Sadhu said, "Mr. Jones, you are the second man that has told me that, and the other man, too, was a Christian."

Is this the crux of the whole problem? The non-Christian faiths tell of man's search after God. It

is a winsome, pathetic search, so real, so intense that I watch it with bated breath, that searching, searching, searching, knocking at the doors of life. My God, how they have searched! But the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not merely man's search for God; it is God's search for man. Down through the Incarnation love beat; down through a Cross and the Resurrection that same love beat; and it follows me down the years. Francis Thompson spoke in reverent terms of the Hound of Heaven that pursued him down the years. Down the years he went, and all the time it was the footfalls of the pursuing love that followed him. Put your finger there and the heart of the Gospel beats. And it is just that element that the non-Christian world has not got in it.

Day by day Gandhi and I sat down together. The rising bell of the ashram goes at three forty-five in the morning. We who are ministers might note the hour. We were supposed to get up and go to prayers. At the close of this hour when I sat in to listen to their Hindu prayers and Hindu songs Gandhi and I went aside. We sat upon the floor, and I asked him if we might have a Round-Table Conference between us. He shared with me what religion was meaning in his experience, and I shared with him what religion was meaning to me in my experience. Day by day we unbosomed ourselves. It was a survival of spiritual fact. Could Christ, in that delicate, terrifically searching hour, speak the word of healing that he wanted to hear, or could He not? Gandhi said these words to me: "If you are seeking to find God you must have as much patience

as the man who sits upon the seashore and empties the ocean by a straw, dipping up a single drop of water and transferring it, and thus emptying the ocean. You must have as much patience as that if you are going to find God." He also said, "The world is a well-ordered machine. You may find God in the obeying of its laws, but there are no miracles to be expected, and it may take ages." It was his turn to talk that day. I went away with those words haunting my mind, "No miracles to be expected, and it may take ages." Was that the finest voice that the non-Christian world could give out of the lips, the sincere lips of Mahatma Gandhi, as he knocked at the gates of life—"No miracles to be expected, and it may take ages"? That is exactly the summing up, it seems to me, of the pathetic search of the non-Christian world. And I am not saying these things lightly. I say them out of the battles and struggles and pains of those years.

The next day was my turn to speak, to share with him. I dared to speak, for I was not boasting. I was simply laying at the feet of my Redeemer the acknowledgment of my love and gratitude. It had not taken ages. It took surrender. It had not taken time. It took me. I found out that was exactly what He wanted, just me. When I gave myself He gave Himself, and we met there in that redeeming hour. And it was a miracle. I came to that hour with things that I could not control or break. I left it, and the only thing that was the same was my name. Now if that is not a miracle I don't know what a miracle is. I have no other word in which to

describe it. I told him about it, and our hearts were very tender, and our eyes were moist as we came face to face with this fact—that a miracle could happen. It does happen wherever it is tried and wherever we give ourselves to Him and trust Him. Our hearts were very warm and tender as we bowed in prayer that day. I think we had come face to face with the simple fact that lies at the heart of our Gospel.

Sometime I am going to give an address on "Some Messiahs I have known." We have a crop of Messiahs coming on every year in India. I went to see one of the most famous ones, Arabindo Ghose, who is said to be on the verge of divinity. I went and asked to see him. They said, "He cannot be seen. He has not shown himself to anybody except for two minutes in nine months. He is searching to realize the divine." I asked, "How is he getting along?" "O," they said, "he is on the verge. It will happen." I came away with these words running through my mind: "By grace are you saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

Somebody said to me sometime ago, "Why doesn't Gandhi find God? Doesn't God love him? If God loves him, then why doesn't He give Himself to him, because no one seeks more earnestly for God than Gandhi." I replied, "Well I suppose if there are degrees in divine love, God probably loves Gandhi more than he does some of the rest of us, but maybe for that very reason He can't give Himself to Gandhi. Gandhi is frankly and openly seeking God through Krishna and Rama. There was a time when

he was on the verge of finding Christ. He took some of the principles, but he missed the Person." I wrote him a letter, the kind of letter that you write once in your life, when you put your whole soul into it. I told him of my love for him, told him of my disappointment, however; I had thought that he had grasped the center and meaning of the gospel, but had come to the conclusion that he had missed it; he had grasped the principles but had missed the Person. I urged him to penetrate through the principles to the Person and come back and tell us what he found. He wrote me a letter and said, "I appreciate the love underlying the letter and kind thoughts for my welfare, but my difficulty is of long standing. Other friends have pointed out to me before now. I cannot grasp the position with the intellect; the heart must be touched. Saul became Paul not by an intellectual effort but by something touching his heart. I can only say that my heart is absolutely open. I have no axes to grind. I want to find truth, to see God face to face. Do please come to the ashram when you have the time."

Now there are two things in that wonderful letter: that he was missing something, and that something could only come to him through an inner revelation. It had not come. Gandhi is trying, however, to find that revelation, not in Christ, but through Krishna and Rama. Now suppose God should give Himself through this Rama approach; what would happen? It would fix in the mind of the seeker that God is Rama-like in character. And if God is Rama-like in character He is less than good, for there are things

in Rama's character that I cannot morally respect. Suppose God would give Himself through the Krishna approach; it would fix in the mind of the seeker that God is Krishna-like in character. And if God is Krishna-like in character I turn from Him in loathing. I know ten thousand men far better in character than Krishna. God cannot back the idea that he is Krishna-like in character.

But suppose a man comes through Jesus Christ? Can God fix in the mind of the seeker that He is Christ-like in character? I think He can. For I think that expresses a fact. He is. And if He is, then He is a good God and trustable. If the heart that is back of the universe is like the gentle heart that broke upon the cross, then He can have my heart, without qualification and without reservation. I think that the heart that beats back of the universe is that heart that broke upon the cross. Jesus, therefore, is the Way, because he represents what lies back in the unseen; therefore God can back this Way to the limit, for He is the Truth. Not arbitrarily has He become the Way. Not merely imposed upon life has He become the Way, but He is the Way because nothing else expresses the truth. This is not something arbitrarily imposed upon life; it comes out of life. No wonder those people in the early days broke out into the music of the words when they spoke of "the Way, the Way, the Way." I know how they felt. Going down the bypaths of life they suddenly stepped on the Way, and they cried out and said, "*The Way, the Way, the Way.*"

I think I know what Billy Bray meant when he

named one foot "Hallelujah" and the other "Glory." Walking down through life the thing was verifying itself to him, and life answered back, "Glory" and "Hallelujah." Now we would have said in modern parlance that he was "integrated." Personally I like "Hallelujah" better. It means this: that we have caught the meaning of life and the way to live, and that this answers back out of the ages as the fact that we want to get hold of.

Another word, then, in closing. I was sitting with Mahatma Gandhi, and he was giving an address to our group. While he was giving the address I noticed a little picture above his head. I scarcely took my eyes off that little picture. I could, with difficulty, make out its outlines, because it was turned toward the shadows, but I soon saw it was a picture of Christ crucified. I said to myself, "Little picture, what are you doing here in a Hindu ashram, Christ crucified above the head of Gandhi?" I said to myself, "Yes, above the head of every man to tower over the finest of minds; not merely above the wrecks of time, but the finest of time and the greatest of men."

Let life go as high as it will, the imagination cries out for just exactly what Christ can bring. For this is as necessary in halls of philosophy and science as it is in mission halls. Every man needs Christ, for we are made for Him, and we live only as we live in Him. Above Gandhi's head was this picture of the Crucified. Of course it was above his head. It is above the head of every man, and the highest human endeavor, and the highest life. It towers above us all. But this picture was turned toward the shadows.

While Gandhi went on speaking a gentle breeze came through the window and turned the picture from the shadow toward the light. And before Gandhi had finished speaking a ray of light was shining through the window straight upon the Crucified. The Crucified was luminous. I sat there scarcely able to restrain the tears, for I saw the parable of it all. At the close of his address (he had not been talking about religion at all), he turned to us and said these words: "Will you sing that hymn?" We asked him what hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light?" He said, "No, sing that hymn:

"'When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.'"

So there upon the floor we sat, and we sang it, those of us who knew it—Hindu, Moslem, Christian.

Above the head of the highest man is this cross. The shadows have been upon it. Our civilization is casting shadows upon that cross, and we are here to try to lift some of those shadows. Our own lives have turned the shadows upon it. There is a gentle breeze of the Spirit going through our hearts, and it is turning the Crucified from the shadows toward the light. Breath of God, breathe on us. Turn the Crucified from the shadows toward the light, and may that full light stream upon Him until He grows luminous before our entranced eyes and out of the heart of the world shall come this hymn:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

In the place of that word "demands" I want us to put two words, "shall have." "Love so amazing, so divine, *shall have* my soul, my life, my all."

CHAPTER IV

THE SACRIFICE OF SELF

BY DR. E. STANLEY JONES

It is a very serious thing to expose one's self to human need unless it eventuates in action. We live in an age of moving pictures, where you are supposed to weep or laugh over events, but do nothing about it. The consequence is that a people who undergo that from childhood, and up through middle age and old age, are in grave danger. It would be quite possible for them to expose themselves to human need and go away saying, "Rather interesting, wasn't it?" "Splendid addresses"—all that kind of things.

I am afraid of any emotion that does not eventuate in an act. It does us no good. I am afraid to address an audience on Christian missions, unless that audience has an undertone of prayer, saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And so let me say that I desire to throw the emphasis upon that. Livingstone said that the end of exploration was the beginning of the missionary enterprise. We are exploring human need here these days and the end of it is a deed.

Before I announce the text I am going to take from a little book, I want to say to this great missionary gathering, and, through you, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, that we deeply desire you to think about joining us in the task of evangelizing India. It is the one great mission

field of the world in which you are not working. At the close of this morning's session, some one came to me and said, "If our Church goes to India, I would like to volunteer to go as a missionary." So, at least, you have a missionary to begin with, if you have the will to join us. The British missionary societies have been hit very hard indeed on account of the war, as also the Continental societies, and they have begged us to take over vast territory wherein they had been working for years, and with it the work they had built up. We have taken over as much as we can, and we are loaded to the water line. We need help. And if you find your way clear to coming and helping us, there is no people on earth I would rather see come to India than the warm-hearted Southerner to speak to the warm-hearted people of India.

The text I am going to take this afternoon is a text from a book written by a friend, the contents of which I have forgotten; but the title of the book has clung, *He Took It On Himself.* When I first read the title, I thought it was a quotation from some sacred book, but I found that it was an advertisement for automobile tires. The story said that twenty years before somebody saw the need of producing a certain kind of tire, and he took it upon himself to fulfill that need. He thought about it, he lived with it, he gave himself to it, and finally produced that tire.

When I read that simple statement, my mind began to run through the earth, thinking of those who

saw a great human need, and took it upon themselves to fulfill that need.

It reminded me of the time, when at commencement time I was in a university that belongs to your own Methodism, Duke University, a few years ago. It was a glad day as the students walked across the platform and received their diplomas and degrees, symbols of work well done. Round after round of applause greeted those that came, but when one name was called out I noted that two walked across the platform, and they came hand in hand. And if applause greeted the others, this time it was tumultuous. A wave of sympathy went across the audience. I turned to a friend on the platform and asked what it meant. He replied: "One of them is blind, and the other one took it on himself years ago to give his blind friend an education; he lived with him; he was eyes to him; he gave himself to his blind friend; read the books to him, and now they are graduating together." He had flung open the doors of life to his blind friend. He took it on himself.

And then my mind went to a scene in the garden. A little girl was there. The flowers were blooming, but she could not see them, for she was totally blind. All nature was speaking, but she could not answer, for she was totally dumb. Sounds were everywhere, but she could not hear, for she was totally deaf. Deaf, dumb and blind. She flung herself down on the ground in an agony of imprisonment, beating her wings against the walls of her prison. Alongside of her stood a young woman. She saw the little

prisoner in her dumb agony, and deliberately consecrated herself to the task of freeing the little prisoner. She took it on herself. Years went by. Another university commencement was on. There stepped across the platform a young woman. She could speak now, and the people leaned over the backs of the benches to listen to the words so full of character out of the great soul of this young woman. Her eyes were still blind, but she could see more than most people with eyes; her ears were still deaf, but she could hear more than most people with ears. The great life of Helen Keller was given to the world, because somebody took it on herself.

Then my mind went across the seas to England. A little boy, a ragged urchin of London streets, came up to a rising, young doctor. The little fellow sidled up to the doctor, looked into his face, saw kindliness there, slipped his hand in the hand of the doctor, and said, "Do youse want to know where wees live?" The doctor looked at this strange little urchin, and laughingly said, "Why, yes, I would like to know where you live; where do you live?" So the little fellow took him by the hand and led him down into the slums of London. They went and peered back under steps where bits of humanity were huddled together to keep each other warm from the biting cold; they looked into empty dry goods boxes filled with the waifs of London streets all huddled together. Hour after hour they peered into the dark places. Something was happening in the soul of this young doctor. Before morning, the whole course of his life had been changed. He belonged to the

waifs of London streets. He deliberately took it on himself to give them a chance. He turned from his medical profession and gave himself to these, and by his effort set up those great Dr. Barnado Homes. Tens of thousands of the boys of England have gone through these wonderful homes, out into life again, citizens, redeemed and given a chance.

And then my mind went to that other great Englishman, one of the most remarkable England ever produced. He was rising in parliamentary power, a young lord, climbing straight to the top, when one day he too looked in the faces of London's poor. He couldn't get away from them. They haunted him clear into the midnight hours, until one night he was tossing upon his bed, determining the course of his life. Should he go on with his parliamentary career? What about these? One by one he tore up from the roots the darling ambitions and desires of his heart and flung them out, and in the morning he belonged to London's poor. After that, he signed himself as "Shaftesbury and Coster"—he became a coster-monger along with them; merged his life with their lives, his interest with their interest. He worked for them, he fought for them, and they turned to him as their unselfish guide and friend.

They had a thieves' conference in London. No one could get in unless he could prove he was a thief. Everybody was examined at the door to see whether he was a real thief or not. After they were sure that everybody was a thief on the inside, they sent for Shaftesbury, asking him to meet with them. Then

they told why they thieved—told of the economic pressure that was upon them, some of them with families starving. What did Shaftesbury do? Send for the police? He did something better. He undertook to put the policeman on the inside of their hearts. He introduced them to divine power, and they walked out of there, many of them, redeemed men. I could go on with the amazing story of his amazing life. When he died, all England turned out to remember the man who forgot himself. Along the streets of London, lined by hundreds of thousands of people, the funeral procession moved. Behind the hearse was a group of people representing a vast number. They had a banner, and on that banner was written these words, "I was an hungered, and you fed me." Behind was another group with a banner, "I am sick, and you visited me." Behind another, "I was in prison, and you came unto me." Another group with a banner, "I was a stranger, and you took me in." He lost his life and he found it again, obeying that deep law that underlies our Gospel.

Then my mind went across Europe, stopping a moment at Geneva, where a great American, at the close of the terrible war, saw the need of some instrument of peace, if the world was to be saved from this terrible madness called war. This great American took it upon himself to fulfill that need. He died a martyr to his cause; the nation from which he came misunderstood him and rejected the man, but when the years and the centuries will speak against these hours they will proclaim Woodrow

Wilson one of the great men of human history, because he took it on himself to fulfill a need.

Then my mind went on to the Near East. The Greeks were in debacle coming back upon Smyrna in the Greek-Turkish war. The Turks, bent on revenge, were pursuing. Greek refugees were pouring into Smyrna; tens of thousands of these wretched people poured into the city, awaiting what seemed inevitable death. Everybody was afraid to do anything, afraid of international complications, but there was a little Y. M. C. A. secretary, a hunchback. He told me what he did when he saw those people coming into Smyrna: "You know I leaned up against a wall, sick in soul, seeing the wretchedness of these women and the children, turned out from their homes, and coming here, left to perish. I leaned up against a wall, and I clutched at my heart and said, 'God, if you don't help me to do something for these people, I will never forgive you as long as I live.'" It was an ultimatum I think God liked, for certainly God helped him. He found that there were twenty-seven Greek ships behind an island. He wired to the Greek government, asking for those ships to take off those people and rescue them. They were afraid the Turks would capture them and refused to give them to him. He wired back and forth, until finally, when they were so dilatory about it, sent them this ultimatum: "If you don't let me have these ships by six o'clock, I will publish to the world that you won't let me have ships to take off your own people." They wired back "Hold off, the cabinet is in session;" and before six o'clock they

turned over the twenty-seven ships to this little man. I do not know whether they made him an admiral or not; anyway, we used to call him "the little admiral." The American destroyer nearly burned out its engines, getting him over there to put him in charge of those ships. He brought over the twenty-seven ships. People turned in and helped him, and they rescued three hundred thousand people. He kept the confidence of the Greek government; they invested him with honors. He kept the confidence of the Turks; they asked him to come back to Turkey to help them in rebuilding their land. To-day he is back there to do what he can to help in the rebuilding of Turkey. A little man who saw a need and took it upon himself to fulfill that need!

Then my mind went on to India, the land of my adoption. I received a letter from my wife the other day, written from the Himalayan mountains. She had gone up into the mountains, eight days' journey beyond the railway, to visit one of God's noble women. About thirty-five or forty years ago a young woman came out of an American home—hers was the pioneer spirit—and went up into those Himalayan mountains. The only thing that stopped her was the Tibetan line. She wanted to go to that last man, to give him a chance. She attended to lepers there, for they were everywhere. One day she looked at her own hand and saw that it was leprous. She turned pale as she saw the dread spot; she was a leper. She saw at once what it meant. Her career was over. She would die a leper. She went into her room, shut the door, spread that hand

out before God and said, "Father, here is my hand. I am a leper. I am willing to die, but I would like to live, if I could live for these people. If you will touch me and heal me, I will give the balance of my days to lepers." And the hand that had been on the heads of lepers on the shores of the Lake of Galilee touched her hand, and the leprosy departed from her. So she kept her side of the bargain. She took it on herself to give those lepers a chance. She has lived for them; she has thought for them; she has given herself for them. For thirty years she has stayed up there among her lepers; she has never returned from those mountain fastnesses. Do not feel sorry for her. She is God's happy, care-free child. Care-free, because she has taken on herself the deepest care that she knows.

The fact of the matter is that the happiest people on earth are the people who deliberately fling away their lives for other people, and the most miserable people on earth are the people who think most about themselves. They are the kind of people who have their fingers upon their pulse to see if there isn't something the matter with them, and there usually is. They have a pain and they spread ten. They are a pain, both to themselves and to other people. The most absolutely blessed thing on earth is to know how to suffer well.

I was in a little meeting in Vienna, a Quaker meeting, where you are supposed to speak as the Spirit moves you. I arose and said a cross had been on my heart for a number of years, but had been lifted, and I missed my cross, and I found myself

praying for another cross. As I walked out of the meeting, a friend turned to me and said, "What a terrible prayer to pray!" "Yes," I replied, "a terrible prayer to pray, but it would be worse not to pray it. We need a cross."

Mary Reed took this cross upon herself. She did not bear it; it bore her. She is God's radiant child. While Mrs. Jones was there, seated around the table one day, Mary Reed said, "Shut your eyes, for we are going to have a visitor." They all shut their eyes, and when they opened their eyes again, my picture was on the table in front of them, decked in hollyhocks. I don't know where I would rather be as a visitor; I don't know whether I would rather go than to sit at her feet and to learn the meaning of the cross. She deliberately saw a need and took it upon herself.

While I was thinking about lepers, my mind turned to a leper colony in the center of India, where Mahatma Gandhi said the most beautiful service he had ever seen was given to lepers. Years ago a German missionary and his wife in India attended to lepers. While on a furlough, their own child developed leprosy. They saw the child wither away before their eyes and die. What did they do? Did they say God wasn't fair? No. After the child had passed away, they came back to India to find a balm for their broken hearts in the service of other lepers. They said, "Our child has been taken away by leprosy; we will give the balance of our days to lepers." And they did, setting up one of the most remarkable homes of modern times.

Then my mind went to that gracious Indian lady, one of the most beautiful characters that has been produced in many centuries. Pandita Ramabai was a widow. According to the law of Karma a widow is one who has been caught in this birth on account of the sin of adultery in a previous birth. Therefore, a widow is branded on account of her sin. Her very widowhood proves her sin of a previous birth. She is supposed to live in the shadows, eat one meal a day, be the drudge of the household, the curse of the gods upon her. Pandita Ramabai, however, did not nurse her widowhood. She said to herself, "I am left a widow; I will see what I can do for other widows; my child is fatherless; I will see what I can do for fatherless and motherless children." With faith in God, she set up a home into which she brought fifty widows and orphans; then a hundred; then five hundred; then a thousand; then fifteen hundred; then two thousand. The last time I was in her wonderful home there were two thousand widows and orphans there. She was a woman of wonderful executive ability. She taught the Indian women how to lay bricks, and carpentry work, so they built their great buildings; and printing work, so that they printed their own literature. She was a scholar as well. She learned Hebrew and Greek, in order to translate the Old and New Testament scriptures into Sanskrit. More than that, she was a saint. She had in her home one hundred and fifty epileptics. No one else would take them. She called them her special friends, and every year the rest of the institution turned out to do honor to these

special friends. She lived in God. She was a woman of great toil. She was so busy that she spent hours in prayer, so she brought into her work a quality and poise of the spirit. It is amazing what we can do if the heart is rested. Most of us do not break down from overwork, but from under-being. If the heart is inwardly rested, the body catches the symmetry and the music and the harmony of things. Pandita Ramabai was able to do a great deal, because she lived in God. She sent word to me one day through her daughter, "I pray for you every day." Every morning her white thought beat to Godward like a carrier dove, my name beneath its wing. It has been one of the finest heritages of my life.

Pandita Ramabia was getting old. It was about time for her to turn over to her daughter her wonderful home. Just about the time she was going to turn it over to her daughter, the daughter died. Everybody thought it would crush and kill the Pandita. A Hindu woman came down to console with her. She came back and said, "The Pandita is the most wonderful woman on earth; I went to console her, but she consoled me; she preached the gospel of joy to me." Pandita Ramabia had borne other peoples burdens, so God bore hers.

Then my mind went to one more whom I can mention. I have in Calcutta two beautiful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lee. I cannot think of Mr. Lee as dead. If there is no heaven, I don't know what the universe will do with him, for he took heaven out with him. I think I understand what that beggar meant when he looked into the face of that saint of

England and said, "Oh, you, sir, with heaven in your face, please give me an alms." My friend, Mr. Lee, had heaven in his face. He had that poise that comes from long walking with God; that insight of spirit that tells that one is unshockable. They had six beautiful children. Those six children were up in the school in Darjeeling, living in a little cottage on the hillside, and one terrible stormy night during the monsoon rains the whole hillside slipped away and buried the six children at once. One little boy lived long enough to tell the story of that night; told how the older sister called the rest of them around her and urged them not to be afraid, and as they were kneeling in prayer around her, the hillside slipped away and buried them all. The little fellow told the story and then he, too, died.

Now, it looks as if you have a case against the universe and against God there, doesn't it? But what did Mr. and Mrs. Lee do? No one ever expected that Mrs. Lee would come to the funeral service, the commemoration service. She came, and came radiant. The people said her face was the face of an angel. She kissed the rod that smote her; she rejoiced in her pain. They talked it over and said, "Our home has been broken up; then we will set up a greater home." They turned their difficulty into a door, their Calvary into an Easter morning. Their home broken up, they set up another home for waif children abandoned upon the streets of Calcutta. For over thirty years they had three hundred children constantly in their beautiful home, and they were mother and father to the three hundred.

While at Darjeeling I went to see the monument set up in commemoration of the six dead children. What do you think was written across the monument? Some complaint that God wasn't good? No, no! These words: "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Now, that is victory. What can you do with a thing like that? You wipe away the family, it will set up a greater home. You put it in prison, at midnight it will sing, and before morning lay the foundations of a Christian Church. Torture it upon the cross, it will redeem the world while you are torturing it. Throw it into an empty tomb, it will break that tomb.

My mind then went on to Japan. Some years ago I was in a university here in the States. Alongside of me was a Japanese student. I did not expect much to come from him. He was an ordinary Japanese student. But as years went by, I heard everybody talking about the Kagawa of Japan. A young minister had become the leader of the labor forces of Japan. I found out his story. He was the student alongside of whom I had studied in that university. When he was about to go back to Japan, he found he had only one lung left. Tuberculosis had eaten away one lung, and the doctors said the other was threatened, and he would probably die in a very short time. He had only a few months to live. Kagawa went back to Japan, said to himself, "If I have only a few months to live, I will live them with abandon. I will fling away my life, as I have always wanted to do." He went down in one of the vilest slums of Kobe and lived in a little room among the vilest of

the vile. He took it upon himself; he thought for the poor; he lived among the poor; he gave himself for them. Soon they were all turning to this unselfish young minister. The first thing he knew, he was the leader of the labor forces of Japan. He could charge admission for an evangelistic address and pack any hall in Japan. They wanted to hear the man who took it upon himself. He wrote a book, entitled, *Beyond the Death Line.* I forgot to tell you he did not die. The fact of the matter is, when it came time to die, he was too busy. He was so entangled in other people's needs and other people's wants that he could not disentangle himself; so he stayed on. So he wrote a book entitled *Beyond the Death Line*—the story of his own life—a book which sold more than any other modern book of Japan, more than two million copies. Why do they turn to him for leadership? Because he took it upon himself. Leadership—you cannot train for it. It must be won through service.

Let me say this: It sounds like treason, but I never like to hear people talking about having training classes for leadership. Jesus, according to Moffatt's translation, said, "Be ye not called leaders." "Three things," he said, "I cannot trust you with." He said, "Be ye not called teachers." The attitude of the teacher is: "I know, you do not." Second, "Be ye not called leaders"; "I lead, you follow." Third, "Be ye not called fathers"; "you are young, I am wisdom." He said these three attitudes are unchristian. Only one attitude he can trust us with: "Be ye called servants." If you will train young

people to be servants, leadership will come out of that service. Do not train young people to come to the mission field to be leaders. When you get a lot of people together, all trained to be leaders and all wanting to be leaders, you have nothing but clashes. But leadership will come when we lose life. Forget it, renounce it, and then it comes back. We become teachers, become experienced, become leaders. Why? Because we obey that deepest law of our moral and spiritual universe: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it."

Then my mind went across to China, the last country I can speak about. I was on an evangelistic tour some years ago in China with a colleague. We had gone to twenty cities of China where about three thousand five hundred educated Chinese made decisions to come into the Christian Church and receive baptism. About four thousand more signed up for Bible classes, but as they had not the background of teaching they could not be given immediate baptism. We came down through Shanghai to Foochow in a big boat. The big boat stopped at the mouth of the Foochow River, and we were to be taken up the river fifteen miles in a launch. It was Thanksgiving night, and we were anxious to get to Foochow, for there were friends there and a Thanksgiving dinner was awaiting us. But it was nightfall when we arrived at the mouth of the river and things were a little nervous. There had been fighting over the possession of the city, and the Chinese crew did not want to go up in the launch. We insisted. So the Chinese crew reluctantly started up; we had gone

about three miles when we came over near to a Chinese gunboat to get permission to go up the river. When we got within about thirty yards of the gunboat, she fired three shots in the water right in front of us. The officers told us to throw out the anchor and stay there all night; if we moved they would shoot us. There is not much arguing of the question under those circumstances, so we forthwith threw out the anchor. The Chinese crew got down around the engine, and we were left on the deck of that cold, wind-swept launch, without any bedding and, of course, without any Thanksgiving dinner, without any dinner of any kind. All night long the gunboat was shooting over our heads at the craft going up the river, not allowing anybody to go up. About two or three o'clock in the morning, my colleague, huddled up on the other side, as far away from the gunboat as he could get, piped up and said, "I would not mind if they would shoot at me; but I am afraid they will shoot at somebody else and hit me." Now, a man that can keep his humor at that time of night is worth having. In the morning they allowed us to go up the river.

We soon forgot all about that night for the youth of China was eager. Even in these unsettled conditions, they were eager; some hundreds made decisions. But the thing that impressed me above all was this: I went out to a little graveyard and saw there in a row seven graves, five belonging to one family and two to another. The five that belonged to one family were father and mother and three children. They had been murdered in the vegetarian riots.

The rest of the family, four children, saw the others murdered before their eyes. Afterwards they met and counseled together as to what they would do with their lives. They decided they would have their revenge. This was their revenge. They decided to go to the West and get the best education they could get, and then return to China and give themselves for these people who murdered the rest of the family. They came back again to the very place where the rest of the family had been murdered. They took it on themselves to give those people a chance to have Christ.

Alongside of those five graves were two others, daughters of a widow in Australia. Word went to the mother that her two daughters had been murdered. She said to herself, "I have no more to give; the only thing I can do is give myself." So at sixty-two years of age, she sold everything, went to China, where her two daughters had been murdered, learned the language, set up a school, and for twenty years took it upon herself to give those people who had killed her daughters a chance to know Christ. She died at the age of eighty-two, and was buried alongside of her daughters. As long as that thing happens, our Gospel remains intact and will win.

Of course, everything I have said to you this afternoon is but an echo of that Man who took it on himself more deeply than we shall ever know. You can see him yonder in that judgment hall. The race prejudices which were falling upon the Jewish nation, he took upon himself. The Roman soldiers said, "Ha, we have got their king, at last, their king!"

They loathed the Jews. So they would vent their race prejudice on the Jews through their king. The race prejudices that were to fall upon the Jewish nation were falling upon Him, and there He stood, mocked, wearing a crown of thorns, a stick stuck in His hand in mock royalty, upon His bleeding shoulders a robe. And thus He stood before Pilate.

Benjamin Kidd says that there that day met two types of power, the power of self-assertion in Pontius Pilate—he represented the greatest military power of that day, the Roman empire. In front of him stood the power of self-sacrifice. Kidd says that the center of power shifted from Pilate to Jesus; that He became the center of the new power that shall finally conquer the world. He took it on Himself.

I see Him dragged out through that long line of waiting, weeping people, dragging His cross. He turned and said to the daughters of Jerusalem, "Weep not for me, but weep for your own sons and your own daughters." Up the hill He goes, until they come to the top. They lay down the cross, and He puts His hands there, those hands that had been on the heads of little children to bless them, those hands that had touched sightless eyes to make them see, they nailed them to the cross; and then those feet that had trod the ways of God in perfect obedience, they nailed them to the cross. They lifted Him up, until I can hear the flesh tear upon the nails. They beat Him back, back, back into the darkness until it seemed as though God and man were gone. But one thing they couldn't pluck from His lips, nor from His heart—"My God"—so He came back from that

darkness with a prayer for forgiveness upon His lips: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

How deeply He took it upon Himself, I shall never know. But there, what should have fallen upon me, fell upon Him; what I should have borne, He took it upon Himself—my sin, my shame. I think I understand the African chief who heard for the first time this story of the redeeming God; heard about His sinlessness; he listened, and then he leaped to his feet, waved his hands and said, "Oh, Jesus, away from there; away from there; that is not your place; that is my place." Some of us have felt the meaning of that, for "He took it upon Himself."

Now, what does that mean? It means that if I am in the succession of that love, I too must take it on myself. The test of my Christianity is this: how deeply am I willing to bleed that others may be blessed? The test of my Christianity lies in this: not how many creeds I can subscribe to, but how deeply I catch His passion and share the same with men. And the test of this missionary Conference is going to be this: how many of you will go back and deliberately take it upon yourselves in that local Church, in that place where you are, deliberately take it on yourself to see that the rest of the world through your Church gets a chance.

And one word to you who are young. I have had time for the romance, the mere romance of missions to die away. When I was about to decide whether I should go as a missionary, a junction of conflicting wills seemed to center there. A friend wrote to me

and said, "It is the will of God you should go into evangelistic work in America." A college president wrote to me, "It is the will of God that you should teach in this college; it is the will of the student body; it is the will of the faculty." Then there came a letter from the missionary society saying, "Will you go to India?" I took the last letter and walked straight into the room, unfolded this letter and said, "Now, Father, what is it to be?" The Voice was clear, "India." I arose and said, "All right; it is India." I wrote them, "I am ready to go." The inner voice has never let me down.

If you find that inner impulse or conviction, young man or young woman, to dedicate your life to people across the seas or in the homeland, follow it, act upon it. I do not say that you will not feel pain, but your pain will turn to a pæan, your sorrow to a song, your Calvary to an Easter morning. I want you to share the world's pain and the world's sorrow, and someway, somehow, in it you will find something that will make your heart sing.

What do I ask you then to take out of this Conference? This: something that will cost you something. You business men: See a need deliberately and then put into your life what is called in psychology "a permanent choice," a choice that does not have to be made over again every day. Life organizes itself around that central choice. A man said to a friend of mine, "I have a battle with myself every time I give ten dollars." Why should he? He has never organized life around the truth that all of his money belongs to God. But if he deliberately

sets aside one-tenth in recognition of the fact that the nine-tenths belongs to God, if he organizes life around that truth, then there is no battle every time the question of giving comes up. Certainly he can give.

At the Jerusalem Conference on Good Friday we were out on the Mount of Olives, and our hearts were deeply and strangely moved as we thought about Him going out of the city yonder, up the hillside, to die. I said to myself: "I would like to follow in His train, and catch the same passion and the same vision." As the meeting was closing I said to myself, "I will take something by which to remember this hour." I leaned over to pluck a flower, one of the wild flowers that bloom in lovely profusion across the hillsides of Palestine. As I was about to pick my wild flower, an inner voice said, "No, not the wild flower; here is the thorn bush yonder; take a piece of that." It was the thorn bush from which the crown of thorns was taken and crushed upon the brow of Jesus. I protested, "The thorn bush is not beautiful, it is ugly; I would rather have the flower," and I again leaned over to pick my flower. The voice was more imperious this time, and said, "No, not the flower, but the thorn bush; there is something in the thorn bush you do not see now; take it." Rather reluctantly I turned away from the wild flower and plucked a piece from the thorn bush and put it in the folds of my Bible. No, deeper; I put it within the folds of my heart and wore it there. Weeks went by—months. One day I chanced to look at my thorn bush I had worn within

my heart, and to my amazement I found it was all abloom. The Rose of Sharon was there in lovely profusion. There was something else in the thorn bush I did not see.

Perhaps we shall be tempted just to take the flowers, the æsthetics and beauties of our Christianity. Maybe we will be tempted to go out of this meeting, just taking some beautiful thought, plucking some flower at random from some speech, and taking that home. I ask you to go deeper. I ask you to turn from that flower for the moment, and take a piece of the thorn bush, something that will be a symbol of inner suffering. The weeks and months will go by, and you will take it upon yourself—perhaps a layman, a minister, a young man, a young woman—the weeks and months will go by; and when you chance to look at your thorn bush again, you will find it abloom with the Rose of Sharon.

Will you take it on yourself, as he took it on himself? If so, you tell God so, as we bow our heads in prayer.

I am going to pray a closing prayer, while our heads are bowed. If I understand you aright, I think you are saying to me, "Mr. Jones, do not pray in general; my need is a specific need—pray for me."

I do not know what your need is. Maybe in some other address that has been given here, a finger has been put on your need. May be I have put my finger upon it this afternoon. Do you want me to remember you in this closing prayer?

I do not care who you are. Maybe you are a

minister and have been preaching words, just words, and you want something else to be there, the Living Word. Maybe you are a young person, standing upon the threshhold of life, and do not know what to do with your life, and you want prayer guidance. Maybe there is a yearning in your heart for a fullness of spiritual life that you have not found, and this missionary Conference, as you view the world, is precipitating a crisis in your life, and you know you must go deeper. Would you like me to remember you in this closing prayer? If so, while our heads are bowed put up your hand, and we will remember you in this closing prayer. You are putting them up by the hundreds—I was going to say thousands—I think that is true.

Do you know that something can happen here in your heart that will never die. Christ can come in and take possession of your life. While I pray, you let Him have you. While I talk with Him, you talk with Him.

Father, we pray Thee that Thou will bless these who have raised their hands. In the quietness of this moment, we pray Thee that Thou wilt come to each one. Thou knowest every need far better than we know it. We expose it to Thee to-day.

Put Thy hand upon youth to-day.

These older men and women—if their hearts need cleansing, cleanse them; if filling, fill them. And help us to go out of this hour with something that will never, never die.

Bless this great Church, and grant, Father, that out of this hour, these hours, that are being spent

here a living flame may go that shall kindle and fire us with a spiritual awakening all through this Southland.

Hear our prayers, especially for these who have raised their hands. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen.

CHAPTER V

THE WORLD MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY DR. RALPH E. DIFFENDORFER

During the Easter season of 1928 there was gathered in the city of Jerusalem, the sacred city of Christians, two hundred and fifty people in a conference, the theme of which was "The World Mission of Christianity." In that delegation over half represented those parts of the world which we, after the spirit described so well by Dr. Onderdonk, call "the natives," and more recently, to be a little more polite, "the nationals." It had been eighteen years since a world missionary gathering had been held—the one in Edinburgh in 1910. At Edinburgh some three thousand people or more gathered to consider the topics that had been outlined under the leadership of Dr. John R. Mott. At Edinburgh most of the delegates, indeed practically all of them, were representatives of the Churches of Europe and Great Britain and the United States and Canada. If there were present at Edinburgh any nationals, so-called, they were there as sort of exhibits of what the Gospel had done with the non-Christian people of the world, or to add a little color from their headgears, or their peculiar garments, or their skin, and occasionally they were brought to the platform and introduced. Although I was not at Edinburgh, I have not discovered in the conduct of that conference, nor in its findings, that the nationals were ex-

pected in any large way to express their minds. They may have been introduced to the white people of Europe and America as good object lessons of what the Gospel had done, but being good object lessons they were to keep still and not express their opinions. To show you the length to which we have traveled in the past eighteen years, and to indicate to you a new phase of the world Christian movement into which we are now entering, at this last world missionary conference, that held in Jerusalem, one-half of the delegates, officially elected, participating on an equal basis with the rest of us, were "nationals." They were not there as exhibits. They were there expected to take their part and assumed a natural and normal place in the conference. They did take their place and they did take their part, which assures us that the phase of the international Christian movement into which we are now passing means a fellowship and sharing, in which such men as Dropiowski and Yang, and many others who, out of their experience, their backgrounds, and their cultures, will make their contributions to the common interpretation of our Christian faith and to the enrichment of the fellowship of our international contacts.

It is a challenge to us all that not many years hence, in order to fill a need in these great Churches of ours, there must be assembled missionary conferences of a similar character in which the delegations will have come from the ends of the earth, and in which we of the West shall defer to the ability and

points of view of those who will thus enter into the fellowship, leadership, and responsibility with us.

Fellowship was the first great keynote of the Jerusalem conference. Assembled as strangers, what an interesting time we had getting acquainted with each other! The conference met for two weeks, and the first week consisted of getting out on to the table what everybody thought. Everybody had come to the conference wanting to say something. Some had put down their thoughts in printed memoranda, some had them in typewritten form, and Dr. Mott, the chairman, wisely made it possible for all to express themselves quite fully. A good many of us had bad half hours during that process. We were housed on the Mount of Olives in tents, or in temporary barracks just like the huts erected for the soldier boys during the war. My chief recollection of the one in which I lived is that we had snoring in nineteen different languages every night.

When we came to organize the section of the conference on the relation of the Churches of the mission fields to the Churches of the sending countries, we found ourselves, a little company of white people, in the presence of some of the great Christian leaders of the nonwhite peoples of the world, and it was not easy for us to put through any preconceived program as to what should be done in that section. After a most interesting experience the group finally elected Dr. C. Y. Cheng, the General Secretary of the National Christian Council of China, to preside over the section; and preside over it he did, using his own parliamentary law, which made it hard for

the rest of us at times, but he got his report prepared and presented it to the plenary session of the conference where it was adopted without much change.

There was another man who had to be reckoned with, our own Bishop Uzaki, the Bishop of the Japan Methodist Church. Bishop Uzaki was elected chairman of the section on race relations. Ordinarily if we wanted to have a conference in America on race relations, it would probably consist of a white man, a black man, a Mexican, and possibly some representatives of the recent emigrants from Europe. When we came to the Jerusalem conference we soon saw that the race question is a world-wide one; that the race conflicts of the world are not only between whites and blacks, but are found also between whites and yellows, whites and browns, whites and reds, and also between yellows and browns, and browns and blacks, and blacks and yellows. From all over the world, from various sore spots, reports of race conflict were brought to the conference. It seemed very proper at that time that Bishop Uzaki, a great Japanese leader, should be put in charge of this section. When they had drawn their proposals, the sum and substance of their conclusions was the simple phrase or language that Dr. Onderdonk so well used here a moment ago, that there is only one basis on which the men of the world of the future are going to live together, and that is on the basis of mutual self-respect. That is right in the center of the religion of Jesus Christ. Jesus somehow or other gives to men and to the personalities of men because they

are men, a value that transcends every other consideration in this world.

Another one of the nationals at Jerusalem should be mentioned. He had a bunk next to mine in the barracks. His name I cannot pronounce. He came from the hill country of Sumatra, from the Battak people (not to be confused with the batik work that the Javanese women do and which we so poorly imitate).

Two years ago on a tour of our mission fields, going down on a steamship from Calcutta to Singapore, I met one of those very interesting Englishmen, a much-traveled, worldly-wise sort of person, whom, when you penetrate through the crust, you find to be a very charming personality. He spent most of his time upon the upper deck aft under an electric fan, his only spoken words, "Boy, whisky and soda, please." Knowing that he was a much-traveled fellow, I went up to him and I said, "I am going to the South Seas. I want you to tell me where there are some people who are raw heathen." My superiority complex was working perfectly at that moment. "I desire to see some raw heathen. I desire to see some of the worst that the world has produced." So he puffed at his pipe and walked a little bit and finally said, "Well, don't go to the Fiji Islands." He didn't know that I was a missionary secretary; if I had disclosed that to him, I would not have gotten such free conversation. "O," I said, "why that is strange, because I remember as a boy in school, the pictures in my geography of the Fijians, as naked savages, with spears in their hands, dancing around

in some wild native dance. Why not the Fiji Islands?" "O," said he, "those blankety-blank missionaries have spoiled them!" And so in all the conversation after that when referring to the missionaries he used the adjective "damned." "The —— missionaries," he said "have spoiled them." "O," I said, "that is interesting. How did they spoil them?" "Why," he replied, "they have sent them all to school. Such damned nonsense!" "And what has happened?" I asked. "Well," said he, "they have all gotten uppity!" "Uppity!"— "uppity" went into my soul. "They have all got uppity," said he, "and we can't do anything more with them." The poor fellow, he didn't know the Wesleyans of London had practically converted the Fiji Islanders, and they are fast becoming a thrifty, self-respecting people. "Well," I said, "I am awfully sorry, sir. Can you refer me to a place where I can see some real heathen?" Then he told me about North Sumatra. He said, "Maybe if you will go into Northern Sumatra and go up into the hills you will see some real heathen." And I did. But I have no time this morning to describe to you my experiences among the Battak people of North Sumatra. You must trust me when I say that some of these people are as low down in the ladder of civilization as any group of people I know.

But here at Jerusalem was a representative of the Battak Christians. My English friend did not know that for seventy-five years the Rhenish Mission of Germany, under the leadership of Dr. Aumundsen and Dr. John Warneck, have been creating a Chris-

tian community of a quarter of a million people, who worship in a thousand Churches, fifty of them having over fifteen hundred members each. At Jerusalem a representative of that group was present to make his contribution as to what he thought was involved in preaching the Gospel to the animistic peoples of the South Seas and of Africa. I got acquainted with him and discovered that he not only knew Battak, his native language, but he had learned Coast Malay, which is a different tongue. He had also learned German, because German missionaries were the harbingers of the new day among his people. He also knew Dutch and spoke it fluently, because he was in the employ of the Netherlands Indies government. Recently the government transferred him to Java in government service and he had learned Javanese and spoke it fluently, and he was conversing with me in English. Six languages! His ancestors ate the first two missionaries—two boys from Boston—who went into their territory to preach the Gospel. Only ninety-three years ago Munson and Lyman sailed from Boston for North Sumatra to these heathen people, and within twenty-four hours they were ambushed and slain, their bodies cut up, put in a boiling caldron, and later eaten in a great cannibal feast. And yet there are people in America who say "these blankety-blank missionaries have spoiled them." Thank God we are still in the business of spoiling people in this world.

I don't know what you call it here in the Southern States, but up North a few of us still call it "conver-

sion." Jesus Christ had come into the lives of these people. And at Jerusalem we had one of their leaders worshiping with us and making his contribution to the conference.

May I speak of one other? All of us who were at Jerusalem remember the morning when the big African came to the platform walking like a prince. He had on a long black coat which came to the floor, something like an academic gown, with great wide sleeves. The gown was bordered in gold braid, the sleeves edged with gold. He had a black skull cap upon his head. Sirwand W. Kalubya was from Uganda. Many of you have heard of "Uganda's White Man of Work," and have known of the life of Alexander McKay, one of the first missionaries to Uganda. At Jerusalem was a son of Alexander McKay's pupils and converts. He is a native chief under the king, who is a Christian, responsible for twenty thousand people. Kalubya came to Jerusalem and in perfect English—and he is no "returned student"—told us what he thought was involved in the building of an indigenous Church among the black people, and incidentally thrilled us by the statement that in Uganada their Churches are self-supporting and that they erect their own Church buildings. A second generation Christian was bearing his testimony and making his contribution.

The first great keynote of Jerusalem was fellowship and interchange, pointing to the new day when these leaders of the nonwhite peoples of the world will sit down with us and help us to determine what our future missionary policy and program will be.

We ought to welcome them. The Methodist Episcopal General Conference last May passed some amendments, which, if the Annual Conferences approve, will give autonomy to certain Central Conferences and will permit the Chinese, the Mexicans, the Koreans, and the Indians to elect their own bishops. I only hope that they will elect bishops of their own races, and that they will set up their Conferences in self-respecting style and begin to determine their own future.

Every time I express these sentiments to one of our congregations, just as I come to this point, I can see a lot of men get their hands in their right-hand pockets and hold fast to that missionary dollar and say to themselves, "Well, if that is true, aren't we about done? If these people are going to run their own show, let them pay the bills." As a matter of fact, let's be reasonable for a moment. What happens in a home where there are children growing up. What happens the first time a girl says, "Mother, I am sorry, but I think I ought to do so and so." Or the first time a boy says, "Dad, you want me to be a lawyer; I guess I will have to go into business?" In that situation there is only one person I am worried about and that is mother or dad. And there is only one group I am worried about, as these, our ecclesiastical children, are growing up, and that is the Mother Church. If we are reasonable, we will say that we are now coming to the consummation of our efforts, and that now, just as in the domestic situation, is the time, above all times, for mother to help daughter. Now is the time for us to stand by

these younger Churches, who, coming to self-consciousness, in the last analysis must evangelize their own peoples.

This relationship could not be better understood than by telling you a little incident that happened at Jerusalem in the section on Church relations. I enrolled in that section because I was tremendously interested in the legislation at Kansas City that I have just referred to. After they had elected Dr. C. Y. Cheng the chairman, some one proposed an agenda and the first question on it was, "What are the characteristics of a native Church?" Everybody in this auditorium has heard and used the phrase "the native Church." It looked for a while as though we were going to have smooth sailing until Francis Wei, a very kind and very brilliant young Chinese, arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, do we understand that the Churches in the United States are not 'native Churches?'" The section soon backed away from that term. Then some thought they could use a more polite term. They used the Latin term for "native," which is "indigenous," but it means the same thing, though it is more polite. It is a longer word, a little more difficult, and not so familiar. So some proposed that we say "what are the characteristics of an indigenous Church?" Mr. Wei was on his feet again. He said, "Do I understand by that then that the Churches in America are not indigenous?" Thus, we saw, in speaking of the relations of the Churches in China or India or Mexico to the Churches in America, or Europe, it was not possible to characterize one group by either

of the words, "native" or "indigenous." We finally had to come to the only phrase we could use and that is "the younger Churches" and "the older Churches." I do not know anything that happened at Jerusalem that so indicates the great new day into which we are coming, the day we have all longed for, a new relation between the younger and older Churches.

We were not in Jerusalem very long until it was discovered that one of the bones of contention was what we all thought of Jesus Christ—our Message. If this group of delegates in Memphis could turn itself into an old-fashioned Methodist class meeting I imagine that we would have considerable differences of opinion as to our interpretation of Jesus Christ. These differences may be easily realized when you recall that Jerusalem was a delegated gathering of two hundred and fifty people, including fifty-two different nationalities and all the races of men, representing everybody from Quakers to Anglicans—or from Anglicans to Quakers as you like it —from Fundamentalists clear through the various camps to Modernists; from literalists to the higher critics; from Sacramentarians to those who do not believe in any sacraments at all; from loyal denominationalists to those who could not understand what all these divisions are about, and incidentally would like to get rid of them as soon as possible. It was an interesting moment when one of the Japanese asked in a group conference, "Please explain to us what a Dutch Reformed Japanese is!"

It can easily be realized how in a group like this,

when it came time to consider what is our message for this world, in this day of disillusionment, of cynicism, and of losing the way—when everybody bristled and each man brought his own interpretation and tried to get it adopted—it can easily be imagined what the confusion was. For one week the delegates faced their differences. As they went on from day to day it was like my arrival this morning on the train before the sun was up. We saw the fog of the frosty morning through the trees, across the river, and by and by, as we sped along our way and the train stayed upon the rails, with the engineer at the throttle, and everybody attending to his duties, the sun came up as usual, and things began to clear and finally we got on our way to Memphis. So at Jerusalem the more we conferred together and the more we kept together the differences of opinion began to dissolve, and the Son of Righteousness arose and stood clear in front of us. Every man of every race and of every single denomination united in saying, "Our Message to the world is Jesus Christ, and there is none other!"

What happened at Jerusalem in this regard is the most glorious, the most optimistic, and the most hopeful thing on the missionary horizon to-day. At last we have a group of people who now see what we have said so often, but with so much cant in it, that Jesus Christ is our Message to the world—not something about Him, but Jesus Christ Himself; not some ethical interpretation of Him, but Jesus Christ Himself; not some liturgical worship of Him, but Jesus Christ Himself.

On Easter Day I went out upon the brow of the Mount of Olives and sat down under the branches of an old gnarled olive tree. I read again the Gospel of Mark in the Moffatt translation. I paid particular attention to all of those events of the week that had just passed, beginning with Palm Sunday, going through the evening experience of the establishment of the Lord's Supper and those significant events of Good Friday. And now we had come to a glorious Easter morning. And as I sat there the Church bells of ancient Jerusalem proclaimed aloud, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"

As I closed my New Testament the last six verses of the Gospel of Mark caught my eye and gripped my heart once more:

And he said to them, "Go to all the world and preach the gospel to every creature:

he who believes and is baptized shall be saved,

but he who will not believe shall be condemned.

And for those who believe, these miracles will follow:

they will cast out demons in my name,

they will talk in foreign tongues,

they will handle serpents,

and if they drink any deadly poison, it will not hurt them;

they will lay hands on the sick and make them well."

Then after speaking to them the Lord Jesus was taken up to heaven and sat down at the right hand of God, while they went out and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word by the miracles that indorsed it.

CHAPTER VI

THE CHRISTIAN SITUATION IN CHINA

BY PRESIDENT Y. C. YANG

THIS is a most inspiring experience for me to stand before such an important congregation of the leaders and devout Christians of our Church, and to participate with them in a great conference which has for its objects the deepening of our spiritual life and the broadening of our Christian sympathies. My own presence in your midst bears testimony to your ardent desire that the spiritual blessings issuing from the meditations and deliberations of this conference should flow out as a blessed river of life to enrich Christian work and Christian living in every land and every clime, revealing at the same time how closely you have the China Mission at heart. This brotherly love in Christian fellowship is deeply appreciated by the Methodist Church in China, from which I bring you most cordial greetings.

Our church in China has grown up largely under the fostering care of the older Church in this country. We, Christians in China, therefore, feel ourselves under a deep debt of gratitude to you in Christian love for all that you have done for the Church in China. We feel bound to you not only by the fellowship that arises out of worshiping the same Lord in one spirit, one faith and one love, but also by many warm, personal ties created by those beloved missionaries, whose examplary life and noble works

have left an indelible impression upon the immortal souls of those whom they have gone out to help and serve, and have made the introductory chapter of Methodism in China a glorious page in its history. You have been a very good and helpful elder Brother to us. We will always so regard you and so love you.

The one outstanding feature in the present situation in the Far East is undoubtedly the fact that China is undergoing a process of fundamental transformation. The proverbial conservative, slow-moving Chinese is going through a great change—changing visibly, rapidly, and radically. There has never been a time in the history of its national development when changes were taking place on such a grand scale, in so many directions and at such a rate of speed as they are taking place now. The great national movements which are sweeping over the length and breadth of the country are but the outward indications of the deeper changes which are going on in the minds and hearts of the Chinese people. The establishment of the new Nationalist Government merely marks the triumph and acceptance of a new political theory, the moving of the national capital from its traditional seat in Peking to the new site in Nanking is but the manifestation of an inward determination to break with the past, and the adoption of a new flag is but the signal and call for the nation to start anew.

There are evidences everywhere of a great intellectual commotion and unrest, showing that the changes now taking place in China differ from similar movements in the past in that they now touch

deeply the thought-life of the people. Ideas that have been accepted for ages are now being questioned; institutions that have stood for centuries are being challenged. Everything stands forth, as it were, with a big question mark, and has to plead for its existence and justify its position, irrespective of whether it is of Chinese or foreign origin. It is in this great change in the attitude and spirit of the people, effecting the currents of thought in the country and the social consciousness of the individual, which stamps the present time as an era of great intellectual awakening and gives it its unprecedented and unparalleled importance.

This is, therefore, the most critical period in China's national life, full of wonderful possibilities but also fraught with grave dangers. As never before in her history the soil of man's heart has been plowed deep so that we need no longer content ourselves with merely scratching the surface. We can now sow the good seed for a great harvest. To change the figure, China now stands at the cross-roads. She feels afflicted and desires salvation. Two voices are sounding in her ears. One of these is the voice of pagan materialism which has no God and no place for God, and uses the material prosperity of the West as an argument that nothing in the world counts but material welfare. The other is the voice of Christianity, proclaiming the Gospel of salvation and emphasizing the greater and deeper truth that even man must live by bread, he does not live by bread *alone*. The mind of China is in a crucial state. She is, therefore, perhaps more open-minded now

than ever before and more susceptible to Christian influences. But if the Christian Church does not have vision to see the issue involved, rise to the occasion and grasp the golden opportunity, I tremble to think of the consequences, for China herself as well as for the world at large.

China to-day presents to the Christian Church one of the greatest challenges with which it has ever been confronted. The issue at stake is tremendous. Whether China becomes Christian or not will not only make all the world of difference to herself but will, at least from the Christian point of view, make the world all different. When we talk about China we must bear in mind that we are dealing with a country which includes a sixth of the total land area of the earth, contains a quarter of the entire population of the world, and represents a civilization, which is the chief exponent of Oriental culture.

For China herself, whether she becomes Christian or not, means whether this vast country with its teeming millions of human souls will come under the light of Christian truth and enjoy the blessings which come from knowing and worshiping the only true God. If God notices such little things as the lily of the field, how much more must His eyes have fixed on such a mighty country? If God is so mindful of His creatures that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, how much more must these four hundred million souls be on the heart of His divine love! And if the mind and spirit which were in Jesus Christ be also in us, how much will our own

souls burn with zeal to claim that great country and mighty people for the Kingdom of God?

For the world at large, whether China becomes Christian or not, means whether that big country, with its vast potential wealth, that great mass of humanity, with all its brilliant past and unexplored future, and that civilization which is one of the two main systems of culture in the world—whether all these three factors shall be definitely aligned with or against Christianity. If with it, what a great relief to the Christian conscience and what an addition to the forces making for Christian progress! If against it, what a great loss to the Christian world, and what an obstacle and stumbling-block in the way.

Methodism has always stood for world evengelism. Particularly at the present moment is this thought in our minds and on our hearts. But how can we we ever hope to have our program of world evangelization completed, if we leave a dark blot covering a sixth of the map of the world and fail to rescue a quarter of the human race.

God has already richly blessed the work of our predecessors. Christianity has definitely struck root in China. It has been demonstrated in more than one way. On the negative side we have just had a conclusive and convincing proof in the way the Christian Church in China has met the storm which overtook her a couple of years ago. If we once marveled at the unexpected suddenness or the magnitude of the storm, we must marvel all the more now at how quickly the dark clouds have cleared away

and how well the Church has stood its ground. In spite of the agitations incited by the ultra-radicals to discredit and injure the Church and its institutions, our schools should have opened their doors this year with a larger enrollment than they ever had before. On the positive side, we see Christian leaders making their way to the front.

Is it not significant that while the numerical strength of the Christians in all the Churches put together is only a small fraction of one per cent of the entire population in China, there are among the ten Cabinet ministers seven men who are Christians and known to be Christians. Such is also the case in the other fields of society, where we find men emerging into prominence as educators, social workers, business and professional men, who are either Christians or who have gone through the mill of Christian institutions, and have, therefore, more or less acquired Christian ideas and Christian philosophy of life, even if they have not actually become church members. Christian ideas are molding the thoughts of the Chinese people; Christian conceptions of morality are, perceptibly and imperceptibly, winning recognition as the highest standard of conduct. None but a person who is blinded by prejudice will deny the fact that Christian influence has been a distinct factor in the development of China and none but a person who is devoid of vision and foresight will fail to see that it should have a more important rôle to play in the future. We are surrounded by a cloud of witness that Christianity has definitely entered into the life of the Chinese people and is

there to stay. I hope and trust also that with God's blessings and the united effort of the Christian Church it is there to grow and grow rapidly.

As we turn our eyes to the future, the more I analyze the situation the more I am convinced that the Christian Church in China, instead of having been set back by recent events, has really been put in a stronger position than ever before. For many years in the past since the beginning of this century the Church in China had been gliding along in perfectly calm and smooth waters. It had become complacent and self-satisfied, and gave little attention to self-examination and improvement. The difficulties we had to go through supplied a healthy stimulus, which aroused the Church from her slumbers, purified and strengthened her. The Christian Church in China has reacted to the recent criticisms and agitations against her in such a way as to turn them into a blessing in disguise. Under the spurs of opposition the Church is showing greater interest in all forms of religious life and activities. It has manifested a stronger determination to preserve the Christian character of or our institutions and has made more strenuous efforts to demonstrate the purity of motive in Christian service. It has also resulted in calling into the active service of the Church many Chinese leaders who otherwise would probably have remained outside of the field of specific Christian service.

Outside of the Christian Church itself, the ground seems to have been cleared for a grand parade of Christian truths before the whole people. One of the splendid by-products which came as a result of the

agitations against the Christian Church, when it was vehemently attacked by some and energetically defended by others, has been the forcing of Christianity upon public attention. Thus general interest has been aroused and people are naturally giving the matter more thought. So long as the religion we profess squares with God's plan for our salvation and we ourselves are not found wanting, nothing could be more desirable than to be thus placed before public inspection. An honest critic, however sharp and bitter his criticism maybe, is a thousand times more to be preferred than a non-contentious person who regards religion with utter indifference. Therefore, in surveying the conditions in China, both inside and outside of the Christian Church, the eye of faith sees the definite possibility of a great forward movement, provided the Christian Church is ready for it and provided that Christians everywhere will unite together in effect and in prayer.

But the task ahead of us is of enormous magnitude. Statistics show that out of a total of 400 million people, there are not quite half a million of Protestant Christians, which means that, proportionately speaking, only about a tenth of one per cent of the people have yet definitely become Christians, leaving about ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent yet to be claimed for Christ. The elder Church in this country will, I am sure, feel very much gratified to be assured that the work started by their representatives has been carried forward to such a stage that a growing number of Chinese leaders can now be called upon to assume a gradually increasing share of the responsibility.

But let no one assume because of this fact that the task of the missionaries is done, and that they can drop to the side lines to watch the game. Neither let anyone assume for these Chinese Christian leaders who have come in that they have come in to displace the missionaries who are no longer necessary or needed. They have thrown themselves into the work principally because this is the most practical and effective way for them to demonstrate their faith in and appreciation of the cause in the advancement of which the missionaries have hitherto borne the chief burden. The field is so big that if we can get all the Chinese Christian workers available, and add to them all the missionaries available, they will form together only a small band which can touch but a little corner of the vast field waiting for Christian cultivation. There has been a good deal of talk lately of the transfer of leadership or responsibility to the Chinese Christian leaders. While this is undoubtedly an indication of the progress and success of Christian work in China, and must encourage and gratify those missionaries whose labors have brought this about, let not this fact or thought usurp our attention. Let us be so absorbed in our work as to relegate such questions entirely to the background. Neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but the Lord which giveth the increase. One thought and only one thought should guide us in our deliberations and endeavors, namely, how best can we coöperate with each other in the advancement of His cause. As a Chinese Christian I wish to extend to you the hand of Christian fellowship and welcome

you all to coöperate with us as compatriots in the Kingdom of God.

The situation and relationship between the older Church in America and the newer Church in China can be illustrated by a simple story:

A man is leading a child across a busy street. Halfway across the child turns to the man and says: "My elderly friend, it has certainly been mighty kind of you to help me through this maze of traffic confusion. I would have been lost in bewilderment but for your kindly assistance." The man replies: "My young friend, I am glad you appreciate and realize the situation now. Watch your step, cross the street carefully, and don't be run over by the rushing automobiles and street cars." With that he bids his young friend Godspeed and drops him (pause). If that picture seems to leave something to be desired, let us change the scene and make the man say to the child: "We are now in the thick of traffic confusion. Let us not talk. Give me your hand and let us together get across the street first."

My fellow Christians, I am not saying this to you as a Chinese appealing for American sympathy, much as I know the generosity of your feeling and the nobleness of your hearts, which has won for your country greater admiration, greater respect, and greater confidence on the part of the Chinese people than for any other nation. But I am rather talking to you, heart to heart, soul to soul, and a Christian to his fellow Christians in the interest of the faith which we all embrace and for the sake of Him whom we all love and for the coming of whose kingdom we all pray.

CHAPTER VII

MY CONVERSION TO CHRIST

BY DIRECTOR WLADISLAW DROPIOWSKI

Two years ago at the request of the Board of Missions I wrote a short account telling those experiences of my life which led me to God and enabled me to recognize Jesus Christ as my Saviour. This short account was excellently translated into English by Brother E. Chambers and was published with some other articles under the title "Progress in Poland." To-day in addressing this gathering I can only repeat what I have written before, adding a few thoughts and incidents in order that this confession be more real and vivid.

Now, please be lenient with my English. I have never studied English systematically, and the little I know I have picked up during the past few years. Of course this is not sufficient for expressing my thoughts fluently and exactly. If anyone present is bothered by my pronunciation or not satisfied with my grammar, please let me know and I shall immediately continue my talk in Polish. I assure you that I am able to speak Polish so fluently and exactly that every one will be perfectly satisfied!

I was born in the year 1871, in Lwow, or Lemberg. This city is the capital of that part of Poland which at that time was under the Austrian government. Soon after my birth my parents moved to Stryj, a little town lying at the foot of the Carpathian moun-

tians. My earliest recollections are connected with this place.

I see my father's house in a small Polish town. I feel in retrospect its atmosphere once more, quiet and clean but commonplace, always sad and terribly hopeless. Everyday cares and troubles were a monotonous reality—at the best a few echoes of the more brilliant family and national experiences, but unillumined by hope of a better morrow. This was the spiritual background of my home and my own feelings, out of which my own thought-world had to grow.

When I was only a few years old I remember how useless such a life seemed to me, how I yearned for something brighter and better, wherein noble aspirations would help me to forget the prose of a life measured by continual breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. I was unhappy, and sometimes I crept to one side to have a good cry. Why, I could not say. Even my mother's love, great as it was, could not fill the empty place. I know to-day what I wanted. My parched soul was crying out for the living spring of a real, tender religious life.

My father was a man of fairly liberal views. He accepted religion as a training in elementary morality, but never spoke of it; nor did I, when young, ever see him pray. He was no exception to the rule, for rule it is to the great majority of educated men in my country not to pray at all. Mother went to Church often and took part in the usual rites of the pious Catholic Confession Prayer, from a printed prayer book, rosary, the carrying of medals, and fasting.

She fasted on Fridays and Saturdays, and then the whole house must fast with her. All this she did scrupulously without special enthusiasm, but rather from custom and tradition than from conviction. Never did she speak to her children seriously about God. She saw to it merely that we, morning and evening, repeated the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary, and she frequently took us to Church with her to "Holy Mass."

So to my childish mind religion was made up exclusively of the things I saw—altars, vestments, pictures, processions, burning candles, incense, etc. I thought God must be like the picture I saw of Him in our Church—as a sinister old man seated on the clouds, scepter and orb in his hands, very impressive in his gray beard and bald head, over which appeared a triangle with an eye in the midst. He was for me some mysterious power—hostile, stern, and inaccessible—who must be placated with incense and paper flowers. I looked with wonder and respect upon the priests in their strange clothes, who knew how to address this awful Being in an unknown tongue and please Him with various bows and prostrations. I was grateful to them that they put themselves to so much trouble to appease the dreadful God, for what would happen if he, from high up on the altar, should throw down that scepter or ball on me? So, naturally, such a God did not awaken in me any tender feelings. I was afraid of Him and preferred not to think of Him at all. I heard very little of Him, however. Around me little was said about

Him; even in prayer His name was seldom mentioned. How could I know and love Him?

I knew much more of Jesus Christ. I knew he was the Son of God, who was born in a stable in Bethlehem, mainly in order that children might get a Christmas tree at Christmas. I knew He was crucified and afterwards rose from the dead, mainly in order to enable us to celebrate Easter. Naturally, I understood the festival of Christ's resurrection, merely as the customary procedure everywhere indicated—the piling up of good things to eat on the tables—sausage, ham, colored eggs, candies, and especially piles of bottles, all of which were liberally sprinkled with "holy water" by the priest clad in his white surplice, before they disappeared from sight with the help of the hungry lookers-on. In spite of these benefits however, I did not love Christ. I saw his pictures everywhere, but always on the dreadful cross, blood-stained, with the livid hue of death upon His face. He seemed to me to be little more than a corpse, which I was expected to love! That symbol of our Saviour's passion has been so abused by thoughtless and almost intolerable repetition in my country that to my sensitive childish imagination it became abhorrent as something thrust upon me against my will, all the more so because it conveyed little significance to my mind.

I was six years old when my mother and I had our first religious difference. I told her frankly that I did not love Jesus Christ and couldn't understand why crosses are set up everywhere. Christ died for me? But I hadn't asked Him to! Why did he die? I

remember that I was quite sincere in putting my to troubled and rather shocked mother questions like these—questions which she could not always answer satisfactorily. We had no Bible in our home. Our poor, beloved mother herself did not know much of Christ.

The Mother of Jesus appealed to me more than He did. The cult of the Virgin Mary is especially widespread in Poland; so also in my own home, and I heard that she was "Our Lady of the Polish Crown," who has the Polish people under her special protection. Prayers made to her, therefore, were likely to be answered. I heard that amazing miracles are wrought by her portrait. Pictures hung in special places of pilgrimage, such as Czenstochowa, Wilno, and others, heal paralysis, give sight to the blind, and life to the dying. These miracles interested me greatly; so every year I used to go with mother to the "Wonderful Picture" in the Church of the neighboring village of Kochavin, with a quiet hope that I would see some miracle. My eyes scanned greedily the crowds of peasants crowding toward the altar, upon which the picture of the Virgin Mary, black with age, shining with gold and jewels, clad in cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls, was being unveiled to the thrilling sound of trumpets and drums. Alas, never did I see anything extraordinary. In spite of this, however, I was caught up with the general excitement, and, hearing prayers made most frequently to her, seeing more of her pictures and statues, I came to think of her as much more powerful, digni-

fied, holy, and altogether better than God or Christ. My childish skepticism did not apply to her.

I had another divinity to whom I prayed each morning, my Guardian Angel; and also various other saints to pray to. My grandmother, whom we visited often at her home out in the country, was an uncommonly clever expert in these matters. She knew that St. Anthony is a specialist in recovering lost or stolen articles, that St. Agnes cures toothache, and that St. Expedyt promotes matrimony—provided that one knows the necessary prayers. She knew them by heart. From her I heard long histories of their miraculous lives. I liked to listen to them almost as much as to stories of dragons and fairy princesses. My dream was to become a "saint" and do miracles. I knew that St. Anthony for penance wore a hemp girdle which, chafing his flesh, caused great sores to come, filled with vermin. One day I secretly made a belt of rope and twisted it tight so as to make a sore. I bore the pain with fortitude for half a day, but then I cut the string, saying to myself that I was not qualified to be a "saint."

When I was nine years old I left home studies for the public school. Here for the first time I came across official religious teaching. This consisted of filling the heads of children with such abstract questions as: "Why did God create you?" "To know, love, and praise Him." "What must one do to escape hell and gain heaven?" "We must believe all that God has revealed, which is given by the Catholic Church to receive." "What is faith?" "It is that gift of God that causes us to recognize as infallible

truth all that He has revealed, and that the Catholic Church gives us to receive." Such was our religious teaching—questions which must be answered word for word without time to take thought.

O, how I hated that teaching, and shuddered at the bare mention of religion! I tried to think a little over some of the questions. "So God created me to praise Him? What does He want with my praise? If I were He, I would do miracles but would not think of creating some one to praise me! Is it only necessary to believe something to escape hell? But the priest preparing us for our first confession says also quite plainly that he who does not go to confession will perish in hell without hope of help!" Once I tried timidly to express my doubts to the priest, but he rebuked me sternly, saying that a good Catholic does not think or reflect, but believes all that his priest tells him. How I cast from me my sinful curiosity! How I fought with the constantly returning hydra of doubt!

In preparation for my first Communion I went through a careful training under the priest's direction in school. I tried to think of all the sins I had committed, and even wrote them down upon a piece of paper in order better to remember them. Then with fear and trembling I knelt at the Confessional. "What sins have you committed against God?" asked the confessing priest in a weary, official voice. "I told lies at least nine or ten times," I said. This itself was not true, for I knew I had lied times without number. Disobedient to parents five times, jealous three times—things like this I said easily enough,

but there were sins of another kind of which I could not speak so easily. Yet I knew that if I concealed anything I would make a "Sacrilegious Confession" and without mercy would be sent to hell. In spite of this, however, I hesitated and could not bring myself to speak out the thoughts and acts of which I was ashamed. The experienced priest marked this and began to ask me definite and very unwise questions, the full meaning of which I could not always understand. When I did catch their import, however, I wanted the earth to open and swallow me up or anything to happen to get me away from this situation. I fell into a curious state of irritation, answering all question with an obstinate "no." At last my torture was over. The priest murmured some Latin words, made the sign of the cross on me for absolution, and let me kiss his hand. Not "whiter than snow" was my soul, for I felt in my heart that I had made a "Sacrilegious Confession," and so throughout my life would belong to the devil. After a very restless, sleepless night, I, with other boys, took my first Communion. I partook of the "real body of Christ" in a very pious way, for the priest was watching. At the same time I thought how bad Christ must feel toward me, the sacrilegious person. For a long time I suffered much and cried bitterly at night time, my only comfort being the determination to tell all, even blasphemy, at the next confession, and so escape from the toils of Satan. But the next time I was as shy as ever. Slowly my conscience became calmer. I gave myself up for lost and tried not to think of the cruel God who demanded such

terrible things, or of death and what would follow after.

I always had a good standing in religious knowledge, for, strange to say, I was always uncommonly interested in this branch of study. Though I felt I was far from God, yet, while going through the school course in the Old and New Testaments, in spite of the fragmentary and superficial teaching, my heart was flooded with religious impressions, tender and sincere. The figure of Jesus, poor, despised, but full of forgiving love, gradually began to take the place of the other thought of Him as cold and corpselike, surrounded by candles on the altar. But I couldn't understand how He, who was so good, could go away to heaven and not trouble any more about poor people on earth left to the tender mercy of priests, who as far as goodness, humility, and mercy were concerned, were not a bit like Him.

In the higher classes of the high school we were taught the "Dogmas of the Catholic Church," teaching that demands of the student first of all that he renounce logic and common sense. The following basis must be accepted: "The Catholic Church is infallible, for Christ has transferred to it His authority and divinity. Therefore, Catholic dogmas are true, for the infallible Catholic Church says they are." Naturally, thinking young people could not accept this reasoning, so continual discussions and disputes arose with the priest who was teacher, ending constantly with his moral defeat. As a result nearly all my fellow students became either atheists or agnos-

tics, leading to an unbridled cynicism in their outlook on life.

Of course before the school authorities these boys pretended to be the most pious Catholics. They made a sport of winning through hypocrisy the good graces of the priest and of avoiding the unpleasant compulsory religious ceremonies. For instance, the boys were forced to go to confession three times a year, and in order to make sure of this they were required to give each time to the priest who confessed them a ticket with their name. Now, some of the boys who had business instincts would for a small remuneration undertake to free their schoolmates from this unpleasant experience by skillfully pressing into the priest's hand several of these cards together. This was a hideous trick but most of the boys did not realize it. To tell the truth, in our classes of religion little was said of what was right and what was wrong. There was no time for such things. Above everything else we had to learn either the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church or questions of such great importance as, "How many candles should be burning on the altar during Mass?" "What ceremonies may a priest perform without his altar robe?" etc.

After full consideration, I have come to the conclusion that such religious teaching leads to disaster. Reform is needed in the direction of giving first place to ethical teaching rather than to dogma. Such thoughts came at first very timidly, for I did not then dream of breaking with the real "Catholic Church." On the contrary, I resolved to become a priest and so work toward the realization of these

ideas. This plan meant sacrifice, for among other things it meant renunciation of the hope of ever having my own family circle. But I was of an enthusiastic nature, and longed to give my life to some idealistic cause. This longing prevailed at last. When I had overcome my father's opposition and had graduated from the college, I entered the theological seminary in Lwow.

This step had cost me much inward struggle and outward opposition, but I resolved on it with a real warmth of conviction and a sincere desire to serve my fellow creatures. Perhaps for the very reason that I had from childhood regarded myself as lost, on account of the "Sacrilegious Confessions," I wanted to bring help to others—to awaken in them that which I could not awaken in myself—a warm religious emotion which would encompass a commonplace human life with the rainbow hues of hope and enable men and women to breathe the pure and joyous atmosphere of the Ideal.

My reception was cold, indifferent, and official. The suffragan bishop, who at that time was acting rector of the seminary, talked to me much of obedience, of the regulations for students, and of the good food supplied them; but not once did he mention the work of a minister, or the problems which would engage all my future life. Full of pride, he gave me his hand to kiss and majestically withdrew. I was left alone in the dark, cold, empty hall where I was to wait until some one should come to look after me. My eyes fell on a great crucifix hanging on the wall, whereon the figure of Christ hung. It was of life

size, with the pallor of death on its helpless limbs, bespattered with blood, flowing from its wounds depicted with relentless realism. I shuddered as if struck with the cold breath of a mortuary. All my childish fears at the sight of crucifixes revived, intensified yet more by the unpleasant conversation preceding. What! Should I *always* be chained to that dead memorial which seems to kill all living thought? Something rebelled in me. Will the prosectorium or tomb satisfy the yearning of my heart? Will fruitless prayers and artificial ceremonies give me what I seek?

How, I do not know, but shortly afterwards I found myself out on the street. From this time on I not only ceased to wish to enter the priesthood, but all thought of religion ceased. I began to take up other studies—philosophy, history, and literature. Nevertheless, I remember that questions concerning existence, eternity, immortality, and moral conduct always attracted me strongly. More thorough studies in the literature of the Poland of the sixteenth century enabled me to see the close connection between the tendency of religious thought and national culture. I was struck by the fact that, in my country, Roman Catholicism had been the influence which had quenched the light of the spirit, or morality. Slowly and unconsciously I began to feel that I really belonged in the Protestant camp, and that the Protestant point of view appealed more to my mind and heart. Of consequences arising from this I did not think at all. In order to break with Rome, be given the name of "apostate," accept the inevitable boy-

cott socially and be ready for persecution, one needs something more than acceptance by the reason of a certain point of view. I stood, therefore, by the resolve made while I was in the seminary not to have anything more to do with religion.

Years passed. I began to approach middle age. I became, first of all, a teacher, later head of various high schools—also a husband and father. Many were envious of my position, success, honors, titles, and domestic happiness. Yet in spite of all appearances to the contrary, I was not really happy. Something was lacking within. I was bored with life as it was, and still kept my childhood's longing for something great, pure, and noble—a longing which I could not satisfy. I frequently asked myself the questions: "What is all this about? Why have I linked up to my unknown destiny one so dear to me as my wife and my two little children? They too will have to pass along the weary path of human existence. I shall live to-day, perhaps to-morrow or a year or two, and then death! The comedy is ended! But *is* it ended?" I shuddered before that question. Conscience told me that life's account would have to be countersigned and a balance struck. What sort of balance? What afterwards?

Sometimes I tried to think of God—even to pray to Him. But I did not know Him—could not understand Him or feel His presence. At fifty years of age He was that same sinister, terrible Deity, lurking around, awaiting my ruin, as He was in my childhood. Must I return to the Confessional and repeat that tragic comedy once more? Could I run again to

the altars, bowing low before the pictures in gilded frames, let the rosary bead slip through my fingers, be sprinkled with "holy water" or read—take the prayer book and read mechanicaly—"Litanies" to the Virgin Mary? My reason and a dislike of vulgar excess would not permit me to do so. Such exercises as these, which take the place of religion, I thought were desirable, perhaps even necessary for the unenlightened masses of the people, but I couldn't bring myself to them. I became more and more oppressed in spirit. All seemed hopeless. But God is good. I sought Him but could not find Him, so He Himself brought me help.

Accident, so some would say, but I believe the grace of God, led me to come in touch with an American who told me he represented a mission which was bringing material relief to Polish people ruined by the war. He came to my office, asking for the address of one of my teachers, whom some one had mentioned as a person possessing certain needed information. Because this teacher at the time was not in Lwow, I offered my help, and from this time I remained in continuous contact with him. Not knowing English our intercourse was difficult, so I began to study a little of your language. The admiration which I had always for the American nation had just before changed to a warm enthusiasm as a result of the political action of President Wilson and the humanitarian work of Mr. Hoover. No wonder, therefore, that the meeting of a real American for the first time in my life could not but have permanent results. I offered to help him all I could and to give

him all the time I could spare when not on duty. I felt honored to help him in his relief work—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and saving the children from dirt and wretchedness. Those were happy, blessed moments. At once I felt myself in a pure, exalted, idealistic atmosphere—an atmosphere of activity without any posing or grand style, but all the more fruitful for that. I saw tears of the suffering change to joyous smiles; despair change to happiness; hungry children in rags, covered with vermin, after being washed, given clean clothes and fed, stretch their little thin hands out toward us in smiling trust. Then I received a foretaste of those strong and noble emotions which I had yearned for all my life.

From my American friend, I learned that this humanitarian action was carried on by the Methodist Church of which he was a member. To my questions concerning this entirely unknown Church, I received only vague information. When I asked about the dogmas of this Church he was especially silent. This aroused my curiosity. I looked up Methodism in the lexicon, but found information so insufficient and confused that it did not satisfy me. After a short time I met a Methodist preacher, the first American minister of this Church in Poland. I remember how eagerly I questioned him, asking absurd things beginning with the stereotype question: "Do you believe in this or that?" Being interested only in dogma, as from this point of view I had been accustomed to see religion, I made my questions too one-sided, too theological. I sought the truth of Methodism in the sphere of the intellect and not of the

emotions. For this reason the explanations of the pastor did not satisfy me. I was not able to understand clearly what was the difference between the doctrines of the Methodist Church and of other Protestant Churches, as, for instance, the Calvinist Church. But more eloquent for me than the words of my American friends were their lives and personalities.

Strange, but I felt quite at home with them. What impressed me was their simplicity, unforced courtesy, real kindness of heart, and wonderful joy of life radiating from their clear, childish, frank eyes. Never from their mouths did I hear a single indecent joke or a malicious remark or an oath. This was a different kind of people—completely different from those with whom I had lived since my childhood.

I had the good fortune to meet a well known woman missionary. Not having her permission I cannot mention her name. One day I asked her why Methodists were always happy; why their faces and eyes shone with the joy of life. She replied: "Because we feel God in our hearts." I shall never forget the spiritual expression of her face or the dignity with which she said these words. This short answer threw more light on my soul than many volumes of theological dissertations. The spiritual yearnings of my soul, which I thought were long extinct, now began to return with renewed force. I longed to feel like this missionary. I longed to feel God in my heart. Accidently there fell into my hands a copy of the religious paper, "The New Way," published by Baptist missionaries and edited by Hulka-Laskowski, a well

known writer in Poland. This unusually brilliant author, writing in a general Protestant spirit, helped me immensely by his articles to a better understanding of Christianity and encouraged me to a careful study of the Gospels. Here I have to say that the good angel of my life, my wife, accompanied me on this toilsome road to Truth. She also, following my example, began to study the Gospels. Every evening we would tell each other our discoveries, our new thoughts and feelings. Her enthusiasm and bold initiative in thought supported my spiritual energy, weakened many times by the routine of my toilsome and drab professional duties. This is how slowly I got rid of the swaddling clothes with which tradition, education, and lifelong habits had bound my soul. This period of my life seems to me like a long, difficult, persistent climbing up the steep, slippery side of a mountain toward the sunlight shining on the distant peak hidden above somewhere among the clouds.

Then something happened which hastened my education and led me to the joyous moment of knowing not only Methodism, but the source and end of all good, even God. The resident archbishop of the city of Lwow, where I was living, invited me to a private talk with him. When I appeared before him, he began to reproach me bitterly. Here was I, in a public position, causing offense by making friends with American "heretics," and helping them in their relief work! In the discussion that followed the archbishop was led to express such views as, for instance, that if one must choose between the requirements of

the Gospel of Christ and those of the Roman Church, one should choose the latter, and also that a bandit who is even a nominal Roman Catholic is of more worth than the highest type of Protestant.

Then it seemed that, "as it had been, scales fell from my eyes." In one moment I saw what a terrible mistake it is to look on God and the things of God from an abstract point of view, and how dangerous it is to submerge spontaneous religious emotion in empty dogma. It was to shut the mighty thought of a living God within a barrier of petrified doctrine, stale symbols, and cold formalism. These views of the archbishop, monstrous in their, perhaps unconscious, cynicism, were nevertheless the expression or statement of that artifical, soulless, too philosophical religiousness with which I had had to do all my life. They were, however, such a glaring caricature, by contrast, that instinctively I saw the reality. The words of Christ flashed through my mind like lightning: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Here before me stood in all his pride the representative of a haughty Church which gathers greedily to itself tremendous riches which it hangs on its altars or shuts in its treasuries, while it allows the crowds of beggars to stand at its doors and implore alms. It adores the Christ dead upon the cross, but does not allow the living Christ to awaken life in the human heart. With a complete apparatus of artificial means it sucks out of the soul of man every high thought of God, every tender feeling, each gleam of the joy of life. And behold there, in a modest house, lives a quiet and simple representative of another Church

who does not philosophize, or sprinkle, or wave incense, or deck himself with golden crosses, but, fulfilling the command of Christ, calmly and graciously extends a helping hand to suffering humanity and by his life witnesses that God is love.

I told the archbishop that as I was to choose between Christ and the Roman Catholic Church, I preferred to choose Christ, and requested the offended dignitary to cease to regard me as one of his flock.

I left the archbishop's palace happy as never before. It seemed to me that a heavy load had been lifted from my breast. The blood coursing through my veins seemed to beat time to a joyous hymn which my heart sang: "Thanks be to thee, O God my Father, that at last I have found, recognized, and understood thee." That evening, after retiring to rest, for the first time I prayed sincerely, heartily, fervently. For the first time my prayer was a talk with my Father, not a list of flatteries called forth by a sinister, cruel, and unknown Being.

I do not know how the news of my break with the Roman Church became spread abroad, but straightway the next morning a gray-haired priest appeared before me in my office. With tear-filled eyes he began: "I have heard what has happened. I have come to congratulate you on your decision and at the same time to implore you to go on. In the name of Christ I urge you to publish with all your strength this message: that Romanism is destroying Christianity and is burying the true thought of Christ. For fifty years I have rung bells, offered incense, sprinkled water, and said Latin masses, and to-day, over my

grave I say it, I am doing it against my convictions, for money. For money I am spreading narcotic for the conscience. For money, with the help of crucifixes and pictures, I am veiling from human sight the radiant, living and life-giving form of Christ. Alas, I am too old to leave this path and seek my bread elsewhere. I am going down to the grave with a heavy sense of guilt upon me. God be merciful to me a sinner! But you, sir, till your last breath, tear away from the truth of Christ that covering which foolish or evil hands have spread over it in our land."

Immediately after this incident I was invited by the minister of education to visit the schools of Warsaw, the capital of Poland. This made it possible for me to meet other Methodist missionaries stationed at the Warsaw headquarters. It made it possible also for me to visit the Methodist orphanages in Klarysew and Skolimow. I shall never forget the moment when the head of the relief work, showing me around Klarysew, casually said: "We should be very happy if you would decide to permanently work with us and look after these orphans." I do not know why but I smiled at this proposition. It seemed so strange to me. It seemed to me fantastic that I should give up situation, my position won by long years of hard work, leave my home city, and willingly sentence myself to social degradation. And yet this suggestion began to attract and allure me. I began to imagine how much joy would come to a quiet and simple life devoted exclusively to high ideals; I began to yearn more and more for the clean, serene atmosphere

which I found only among the Methodist missionaries.

Finally I decided. I told my decision to my wife. To my surprise and joy she recognized this as inspired of God and agreed without hesitation. When a few weeks later Bishop Beauchamp and Dr. Rawlings came to Lwow, I was presented to them by my missionary friend as a possible worker. In their company I went again to Warsaw in order to take part in the first annual meeting of the Methodist Mission in Poland. I shall not describe the feelings which I experienced. I felt that I had entered a new world, though yet full of riddles for me; still a world which was mine, a world which from my earliest childhood had been outlined subconsciously in my mind; a world bringing me light, joy, and, above everything else, a clear conscience. The wide, free horizon revealed by the sermons suited entirely my convictions. With surprise I was looking at a Church which did not force her own specific ecclesiastical doctrines and conceptions, which did not hide God but, on the contrary, revealed to human eyes the radiant face of a loving Father, and cleared the way to human hearts for the powerful, in its divine simplicity, real, and saving truth of Christ. A few weeks later I left my position in Lwow. While my wife and children remained there until the end of the school year, I went to Klarysew, near Warsaw, as Director of the Methodist Orphanage and School. I became a member of our Church; later a local preacher; after completing my theological studies, a deacon; and

finally an elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A few months after my coming to Klarysew my wife and children joined me and I had the joy to receive into the Methodist Church those dearest and nearest to me. From this time began days of sunshine, days of returned youth, darkened by no clouds of sadness. Many friends forsook me, many acquaintances thought I had gone crazy, many newspapers hurled invectives at me, as an apostate who betrayed "the faith of his fathers;" but I felt above the animosity of these poor people who groped in darkness as I had during the first fifty years of my life.

My Father who is in heaven has given me full happiness, even earthly. He has given me a more beloved family, truer and warmer friends. He has given me especially a beloved son-in-law, an American missionary, who is the guardian angel of my spirit and guide in the true Christian life. My cares and worries have disappeared. God has taken away all fear, even the fear of death. I have the feeling that I am drawing near the peaceful haven, with a deepening serenity in my heart and a gradual tuning up of every chord of my being to the wonderful harmony of the universe, which, I firmly believe, is of a divine plan and creation. I have the feeling of a migratory bird, when, after flying over the stormy ocean, rests upon the shore and bathes its tired wings in the sunshine.

With mind and heart in fellowship with God, I repeat every day: "I thank thee, Father in Heaven,

that so wonderfully thou hast led my steps to thee. I thank thee that at the close of my life thou hast permitted me to know thee. I thank thee that thou hast planted peace and joy in my heart, that thou hast permitted me to read that joy in the eyes of my beloved. I thank thee that I can proclaim the Gospel of thy Son and lead yearning souls to Him." Blessed be my God who has accepted me. Blessed be the Church which led me to Him.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SUPREME SAVIOUR AND HIS SUPREME SALVATION

BY BISHOP WARREN A. CANDLER

It ought to be unnecessary in a Christian audience to discuss the supremacy of Christ, and the supremacy of His salvation. That truth is axiomatic in our Christian system; but conditions have arisen in our land, and in other lands, which perhaps call for its reassertion with a good deal of emphasis.

In approaching the subject, let me make two or three general propositions:

The first is that a universal religion is required by the unity of the race. There is not room enough in the universe, much less on our little planet, for two Gods. Hence a true religion must be exclusive and adapted to all mankind. That is the great truth St. Paul preached to the philosophers at Athens: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him" (Acts 17: 26, 27). God's providential direction of history is for the one purpose that all men should seek and find Him. In that text a good many truths are found, truths that appertain to our present missionary situation. One truth is that the race is of one blood, and this Gospel of the risen Christ fits all

races. Another is that you cannot efface either racial or national lines; God has fixed them, and if you could unfix them you would only throw the divine plan into confusion.

We applaud President Woodrow Wilson, and very properly, for advocating the freedom and autonomy of small states. We must take the same view with reference to Churches. We cannot inclose in one ecclesiasticism the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, the Persians, and the people of India. I hear much talk of "a world-Church," but "a world-Church" will soon be "a worldly Church." I know of but one Church that claims to be "a world-Church," and its claim is as unsubstantial as the infallibility of the Pope.

The second general proposition is that, responding to the need of a universal religion, there is a universal desire to know God. However depraved the human race may be—and I am bound to say I believe it is depraved—I agree with the Baptist minister who said in a sermon, "My brethren, I must confess that at one time or another I have doubted every doctrine of Christianity but the doctrine of depravity." This yearning for God abides in all hearts. This depraved race has a desire to know God, and that knowledge is of supreme importance. If we may follow Mr. Herbert Spencer in pluralizing the word "knowledge," we may say that not all knowledges are equally important. You can do without mathematical knowledge, for example. Most of you are utterly destitute of it and among you I am one who is thus destitute; if I had to win my salvation on the basis of

understanding Sir Isaac Newton, I should be eternally lost, with a great many companions from this audience. Knowledge of chemistry also is not indispensable; we can get on tolerably well without it. But the knowledge of persons is indispensable. Sad beyond all expression is the case of a fatherless and motherless child who never knew his parents. Carlisle said for a soul to have capacity for knowledge and yet not to know is tragedy. And so it is.

The sorest and saddest tragedy is ignorance of our Heavenly Father, and this tragic condition all mankind has ever sought to escape. In all the history of the human race, with its confusion, disorder, and immorality, the yearning of men to know God has been manifested in many ways.

One manifestation of this deathless hunger of the human soul is found in the universal desire and expectation of a *Revelation from God.* Hence, most of the non-Christian religions have their sacred books which claim to be revelations of their Deities.

This world-wide longing for the knowledge of God is met by the Christian religion in a most satisfying way. Our holy religion's crowning characteristic is that it offers a clear and convincing Revelation of the Almighty Father. It does not come to men as a philosophy or a science. If it were a philosophic or a scientific system, it would assuredly pass away—wear out—in the changeful agitations of the human mind; but being a Revelation from heaven, it cannot be amended or improved.

Another manifestation of the universal human hunger for the knowledge of God is found in the fact

that all nations have expected, and have professed to have had, Incarnations of their Deities. In the form of many clumsy devices they have claimed to discern the disclosure of their Creator's face.

Christianity meets this crying want by the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, in whose face shines the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. The word made flesh and dwelling among men is the supreme Revelation of God and the loftiest fact set forth in the Christian Scriptures. In the Incarnate Messiah is the final fulfillment of the "desire of all nations." His Incarnation is the greatest of all miracles and the ultimate foundation of Christian faith. Some who profess and call themselves Christians say they cannot believe in the Virgin Birth because it is "a biological miracle." But they fail to see that the real miracle is in the fact of the Incarnation in any form or by any process. The Virgin Birth is the most reasonable process by which the Incarnation could have come to pass. If it be doubted, the miracle of the Incarnation must be denied; and when the Incarnation is eliminated from Christianity, it will no longer satisfy the deepest desire of the human soul.

Again, all mankind, burdened by the universal consciousness of sin, calls for an Atonement, that guilt may be removed and God reconciled to a world of sinners.

If we begin with man in the mountains of Armenia, where some say the history of the race began, we may follow him in all his wanderings by the blood in his tracks. Wherever he goes, he cries, "Without

the shedding of blood there is no remission." Hence, he has raised his altars everywhere, and upon them sacrificed bleeding birds and bleeding beasts, hoping by his manifold offerings to purge away the guilt of his sin. So strong is this sacrificial instinct embedded in his nature that when animal sacrifices failed to satisfy he came eventually to the immolation of his own children to appease the wrath of heaven, sacrificing the fruit of his loins for the sin of his soul. But even this desperate method of atonement could not satisfy him. Only the Atonement made by our Crucified and Risen Lord can give peace to the sinful hearts of men; and it is a notable fact that since He came and suffered and died and rose from the dead, wherever the Gospel of His redeeming love has been preached, the sacrificial knife has been sheathed and the sacrificial fires have been extinguished.

These general observations serve to show how in the religion of Christ all the fundamental wants of human nature are met and satisfied. In God's revelation through Him is found the perfect fulfillment of all the spiritual needs of mankind. Well may we be content with this fullest revelation, and propagate its truth to the utmost ends of the earth. It leaves no room, or necessity, for any further revelation of God.

Nevertheless, it is true—and as strange as true—that many men, including some who are called preachers of the Gospel, are questioning the sufficiency, authority, and finality of this revelation and this supreme salvation. Some deny even the possibility of a written revelation such as we have in the

Holy Scriptures. These are the successors of the Deists of the eighteenth century and the skeptics who have rejected the Christian religion since the days of Celsus. Others elevate their "experience," as they term it, above the word of God, and test the validity of the Christian revelation by their own thoughts and feelings. A common form of speech among them is some such saying as this: "God talked to the apostles, and He talks to me also." This I have no disposition to deny, but I would remind men who thus speak that the Holy Spirit is not double-tongued. If, therefore, He spoke to and through the apostles and prophets, He will not contradict in the experience of anyone now what He said to them.

The attempt to make of a personal experience a substitute for an inspired revelation, or to make it an addition to the revelation we have, is a species of Mormonism or Mohammedanism; for both the Mormons and the Mohammedans profess to accept the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and add their sacred books, so-called, as a further and fuller revelation than that found in the Bible. But we cannot agree with their proposed revelations; for "we have not followed cunningly devised fables;" "we have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed." Nor can we allow the supposed "experiences" of men to supplant "the truth as it is in Jesus;" for to do so would be to enthrone mere whims as of equal or superior authority to the supremacy of Christ and His supreme salvation. In condemnation of such whimsical folly, Joseph Cook once paraphrased a great hymn,

somewhat irreverently, but not with more irreverence than inheres in that which he satirized. He puts it thus:

> Let every kindred, every tribe,
> On this terrestrial ball
> To *Whim* all majesty ascribe,
> And crown *Whim* Lord of all.

There has been too much of this deification of Whim, and dethronement of Christ. Hereby a pernicious liberalism has been brought forth—an unreasonable liberalism which underlies the domineering secularism of a materialistic society.

A whimsical liberalism can never regulate and control an era of great opulence and abounding luxury. Liberalism always begets secularism, and secularism invariably subjects religion to the demands of its commanding interests and imperative indulgences. This fact appears in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In that age of luxury and self-indulgence in Rome the learned historian tells us religion was suffocated, so that "to the philosophers all religions were equally false, to the statesmen all were equally useful, and to the common people all were equally true." Thus the coöperative forces of luxury and liberalism pulled down that great commonwealth and accomplished its utter and irretrievable ruin.

In like manner the secularism of our day, emerging from luxury and liberalism, refuses to let Jesus Christ reign over it. It rejects all the severe truths of Christianity which conflict with its rationalism and refuses all the hard requirements of cross-bearing.

An age of luxury and liberalism always and everywhere refuses to endure whatsoever is disagreeable to it; it will not be disturbed in its luxurious ease and liberalistic composure. In such an era men take the crown off our Lord's head and refuse to obey his royal will. The resultant religion of such a God-forgetting period can never carry the Gospel to all the nations, in order to meet the yearnings of mankind, purge away its sin, and soothe its sorrows. That great work of world-wide redemption can be done by no other faith than that of historic Christianity. By the religion of Christ we know God if he is known at all, and we cannot proclaim the rule of a God whom we do not know with confident certitude.

Perhaps most of you have read two recently published volumes entitled *The Book Nobody Knows* and *The Man Nobody Knows*. Of course, their author assumes that he knows both the book of God and the man, Christ Jesus! What a pity the writer had not come sooner, and that he does not undertake to direct the evangelization of the world! What Paul could not know, Luther understand, or Wesley comprehend, this adventurous Columbus on the theological seas has discovered and knows for himself all alone in his supreme wisdom! Such pretentious egotism wearies indignation and fatigues disgust.

The followers of the Lord of historic Christianity do know Christ. This life-giving knowledge, of which Jesus said in his intercessory prayers to the Father on behalf of his disciples, "This is life Eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ

whom thou hast sent," has been their most precious possession throughout all the Christian centuries. Their faith has never been an agnostic, or "know-nothing," superstition.

Paul said of Christ, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Timothy 1: 12); and under the constraining impulsion of that assured faith, the Apostle to the Gentiles sought to carry the message of salvation to the uttermost bounds of the inhabited earth.

Any man going to heathen lands as a missionary who goes forth with the assumption that little or nothing is known of Christ and His supreme and exclusive salvation should not go at all. He knows too little to teach others at home or abroad. Such a man, going as a curious adventurer in a strange land rather than as a messenger of Christ, will deserve the rebuke of Ahimaaz by Joab: "Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing thou hast no tidings ready?" (2 Samuel 18: 22.)

We often speak of "the Gospel message;" but do we not misapply the words when we use them to describe some utterances by preachers and others? What is a "message?" Does it not imply a matter communicated from one party to another through a third person, who is the messenger? To be a messenger of the Gospel one must be sent by God with a revealed communication to men who are ignorant of that which God would have them know. Such an office cannot be filled by one who starts on his mission without knowing that God has sent

him and without knowing what God has revealed for the salvation of mankind. A modest and persistent silence well becomes such a "know-nothing."

And the supreme salvation of Christ is not an abstruse matter that is extremely difficult for one to know. Even a child is able to know it, if he will. Of this revelation of heavenly life our Master said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matthew 10: 25). And immediately He had thus spoken to God, He stretched out His hands to a wearied and unlearned multitude and said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew 10: 28). He never designed that His Gospel should be embodied in an elaborate philosophy or a perplexing speculation.

We all know that a philosophic or scientific system avails nothing for salvation at home and far less abroad. But "the common salvation" can be understood and appreciated by the most unlettered common people throughout the whole world. It may be taken into the soul as easily as a breath of air may be taken into the lungs. It is a specific and definite remedy for a well-defined disease of the heart—the malady of sin—and it calls for clear and definite proclamation. To make it obscure and philosophical is to pervert it and render it powerless to save. The disposition of rationalists to treat it as such is a deceitful handling of the word of God. Although they may imagine that such treatment is a work of broad-mindedness, it is really the evidence of

shallowness of mind. The divine message must be given with definiteness, clearness, and confidence.

At this point I may be permitted to depart from the main line of my discussion, and make what the builders of our highways call "a detour"—a bit rocky, perhaps, but never going far from the main road to which it will return in due time. The digression I make is in order to say that in our missionary work we offer the glad tidings of joyful salvation to a dying world, and we go not to commend the Gospel by glorifying or defending our own civilization.

What, at last, is meant by the vague word "civilization?" Not one of us could frame an exact definition of the term which could not be picked to pieces and its worthlessness exposed. But a mere matter of what is called civilization does not greatly concern us in the work of missions anyway. We are not called upon as propagators of the Gospel to attack the civilization of any nation, or to institute an invidious comparison of the civilization of any land with that of our own. Least of all, we are not to defend our nation as a method of commending our religion to unchristianized peoples. When St. Paul carried the Gospel to the Gentile world he did not undertake to defend any of the customs, usages, or deeds of the Jews in order to secure attention and acceptance for the supreme salvation which he offered to the people to whom he preached. In like manner, we of the present time are under no necessity to commend Christianity to pagan nations by exhibiting among them the virtues

of our civilization as proof of its superiority over their national types.

There are many bad things in our country which are utterly incompatible with Christianity, and which all Christian people condemn; but, if we wait to carry the Gospel to other peoples until all these evils in the homeland are corrected, the evangelization of the world will be postponed indefinitely. It is often said that the heathen do not understand a lynching in America. But what has that to do with the offer of salvation? No good man approves a lynching. Neither does the heathen world understand how it happens that over a hundred men a year are done to death in Chicago by gangsters and "racketeers" without the indictment or conviction of any of the murderers. The victims of these outlaws in Chicago are as dead as are the men who are lynched. But what has that to do with carrying the Gospel to all mankind? I denounce lynchers and I denounce "gangsters" as they deserve to be denounced; but I am unwilling that Christianity should be withheld from the perishing multitudes of the earth until all the lynchers and all the "gangsters" in our own land have died or have been converted.

Again, there is now going on in New York the greatest scheme of gambling ever known in history. Do Christian men defend it? Not at all. Nor will they wait for that huge bubble to burst before they put forth efforts to extend the saving power of Christianity throughout the world.

Our holy religion is not justly chargeable with the

monstrous evils of lynchings, "racketeering," or stock gambling. It condones none of these wrongs; it condemns them all. If, therefore, any considerable number of unchristianized people in heathen lands respond to the preaching of the Gospel by saying, "We will not accept your religion until all the evils in your own land are extirpated," we will have to say to them, "Well, in your folly of rejecting Christianity for such a senseless reason you must remain without God and without hope until you renounce such captious objections to the great salvation which is offered to you by Christ."

All the prideful talk about "a Christian land is ours" does neither us nor the heathen world any good. It is a sort of Pharisaic nationalism which is without the least justification. Has anyone ever seen a Christian land? I have not. I have seen many thousands of Christian people in all lands; but I have never seen a land so full of the religion of Christ that it could be called justly "a Christian land." Have any of you ever seen such a nation?

In our efforts to evangelize the world, we are not offering to backward nations our form of government, or our social institutions, or our national characteristics of any sort. We are simply offering Christ to the people of other lands in order that they may be saved.

We are not even to enforce upon them any form of ecclesiastical organization as a thing indispensable to their salvation. We must allow to them the liberty of the Spirit and the guidance of divine Providence, without any imperialistic supervision

and control upon our part. We are not to assume the office of lords over God's heritage in other nations, but we are to be examples and helpers to their faith.

Did not the Apostles trust the Churches which were born under their preaching more than we trust those which have come into existence through our missionary efforts and enterprises? St. Paul preached at Lystra, Derbe, Iconium, and other Gentile cities; erected Churches in them; ordained elders for them; and then went on his way wherever the Holy Spirit called him to go. Why should we not follow his apostolic example? Some may say, "If we do, the native Churches will blunder." So they may. So do we blunder at home and abroad. Nobody is infallibly free from blunders but the Pope, and I seriously doubt his infallibility. Let us give our native Churches in other lands freedom enough to work out their own salvation. With such of their racial or national peculiarities as are not inconsistent with Christianity, we have no right to interfere.

Some missionaries return from China to America, and spend much of their time at home telling how bad it is for Chinese women to practice "foot-binding." Well, I never was a woman and I have never bound my feet. I do not think I would enjoy that way of being shod. I would not enjoy it a whit more than I would enjoy the shoes of an American girl with heels that give her an appearance of walking on stilts and an expression of agony in her countenance. Yet, I have an impression that some of these high-heeled girls will go to Heaven some

day. They will stop that style, of course, when they get there; but they will get there. And a Chinese woman with her feet bound can go to Heaven. Such matters as costumes and customs, which are not contrary to Christ and his word, do not concern his messengers, who are commissioned to carry his Gospel to unchristian peoples. Jesus and the Apostles never engaged in the work of investigating the superficial features of any race or nation; but they concerned themselves always everywhere with sin and salvation exclusively.

Our Lord never went beyond the limits of Palestine during the days of his flesh. He never made a survey of the outside world, and he never commanded anyone to make such a survey for him. He knew that, however varied conditions might be throughout the whole earth, the redemption which he offered was the only and sufficient remedy for all the evils involved in them.

By the way, I make the observation that I have not found much good coming out of the surveys of our expert surveyors. They are great on surveys, maps, statistics etc.; but they concern themselves little with anything else. They are intense inspectors, but sorry workers. In the New Testament, we find only two surveyors, namely, the priest and the Levite who came to the man who had fallen among thieves on the Jericho road, "looked upon him, and passed by on the other side." They qualified themselves to write a report on him; but they did nothing to relieve him. They might have organized "A Robbers' Capturing Association" or a Rural Police

and have sent others to minister to the needs of the bleeding victims of the thieves who infested the region. But the good Samaritan who came along the dangerous highway did not survey much; with courageous compassion he relieved the needs of the half-dead traveler whom the thieves had stripped of his raiment and wounded so sorely. More good is done by good Samaritans than by professioned surveyors.

Jesus was not a surveyor, but a Saviour. A cynical and worldly-wise generation may regard Him as a provincial man because He never traveled beyond the boundaries of His little nation, except when He was carried in His infancy to Egypt. But He died for all mankind, rose from the dead, and opened the gates of salvation to all the nations of the earth; and then with royal authority commanded His followers, saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo I *am* with you [not I *will be* with you] all the days until the consummation of the ages" (Matthew 28: 18–20). That "Great Commission" abides in force in our times; and under it the servants of Christ must go with the message of divine love to all nations and tribes, embodied in a supreme salvation limited only by His teachings.

They are not authorized to take counsel of the adherents of heathen cults, and compound a syncretistic salvation composed of fragments of Confucianism

bits of Buddhism, and pieces of Hinduism. They are not to substitute such a hash of religions for the bread of life supplied by Him who said of Himself, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst" (John 6: 35).

Our supreme Redeemer never directed His followers to seek the help of the authors and agents of pagan cults to save the race of man. He was, and is, quite "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." He asks not the representatives of heathen faiths to assist His servants in discovering, or making, in their respective lands concrete roads to God. He commands His messengers to preach to all men in all nations His effectual and supreme salvation; for "there is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4: 12).

The Apostles and the primitive Church knew nothing of any confederation, or combination, of Christianity with heathen religions to provide a remedy for the world's sin and woe. That is a liberalistic proposal which has been brought forward in recent years which would have shocked the Christian Churches of the first century, and which must provoke now the disapproval of our supreme Lord and Saviour. It is a fond delusion of shallow men, and it has no place or part in the Gospel.

Some may think I speak too strongly on this matter, and that I know little or nothing about it; but I have not spoken unadvisedly. Professor Monier Williams, of Oxford University, a great and

authoritative Orientalist, speaks even more strongly on the same subject. If you cannot trust me, you certainly will be ready to believe him. In an address in London, before the English Missionary Society, Professor Monier Williams said:

When I began investigating Hinduism and Buddhism, I found many beautiful gems; nay, I met with bright coruscations of true light flashing here and there amid the surrounding darkness. As I prosecuted my researches into these non-Christian systems, I began to foster a fancy that they had been unjustly treated. I began to observe and trace out curious coincidences and comparisons with our own Sacred Book of the East. I began, in short, to be a believer in what is called the evolution and growth of religious thought. "These imperfect systems," I said to myself, "are clearly steps in the development of man's religious instincts and aspirations. They are interesting efforts of the human mind struggling upward toward Christianity. Nay, it is probable that they were all intended to lead up to the one true religion, and that Christianity is, after all, merely the climax, the complement, the fulfillment of them all."

Now, there is unquestionably a delightful fascination about such a theory, and, what is more, there are really elements of truth in it. But I am glad of this opportunity of stating publicly that I am persuaded I was misled by its attractiveness, and that its main idea is quite erroneous. The charm and danger of it, I think, lie in its apparent liberality, breadth of view, and toleration. In the *London Times* of last October 14, you will find recorded a remarkable conversation between a Lamar priest and a Christian traveler, in the course of which the Lamar says that "Christians describe their religion as the best of all religions; whereas, among the nine rules of conduct for the Buddhist, there is one that directs him never either to think or to say that his own religion is the best, considering that sincere men of other religions are deeply attached to them." Now, to express sympathy with this kind of liberality is sure to win applause among a certain

class of thinkers in these days of universal toleration and religious free trade.

We must not forget, too, that our Bible tells us that God has not left himself without witness, and that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him. Yet I contend, notwithstanding, that a limp, flabby, jellyfish kind of tolerance is utterly incompatible with the nerve, fibre and backbone that ought to characterize a manly Christian. I maintain that a Christian's character ought to be exactly what the Christian's Bible intends it to be. Take that Sacred Book of ours; handle reverently the whole volume; search it through and through, from the first chapter to the last, and mark well the spirit that pervades the whole. You will find no limpness, no flabbiness about its utterances. Even skeptics who dispute its divinity are ready to admit that it is a thoroughly manly book. Vigor and manhood breathe in every page. It is downright and straightforward, bold and fearless, rigid and uncompromising. It tells you and me to be either hot or cold. If God be God, serve him. If Baal be God, serve him. We cannot serve both. We cannot love both. Only one Name is given among men whereby we may be saved. No other name, no other Saviour, more suited to India, to Persia, to China, to Arabia, is ever mentioned, is ever hinted at.

What, says the enthusiastic student of the science of religion, do you seriously mean to sweep away as so much worthless waste paper all these thirty stately volumes of Sacred Books of the East just published by the University of Oxford? No, not at all, nothing of the kind. On the contrary, we welcome these books. We ask every missionary to study their contents and thankfully lay hold of whatsoever things are true and of good report in them. But we warn him that there can be no greater mistake than to force these non-Christian Bibles into conformity with some scientific theory of development, and then point to the Christian's Holy Bible as the crowning product of religious evolution. So far from this, these non-Christian Bibles are all developments in the wrong direction. They all begin with some flashes of true

light and end in utter darkness. Pile them, if you will, on the left side of your study table, but place your own Holy Bible on the right side, all by itself, all alone—and with a wide gap between.

It is not remarkable that in these religions of the Orient, discussed by Prof. Monier Williams, there are some truths. Even Ananias and Sapphira mixed some truth with the falsehood for which they died. It was true that they sold their land, but their statement of the disposition of the money they received for it was false.

Although I am what some call "a believer in free-trade," I agree with the learned Professor in his vigorous condemnation of "religious free trade." No pagan cult is fit for importation into Christianity. It is not worth "the duty" on it.

When he dissents from the views of "enthusiastic students of the science of religion," I am again in hearty agreement with him. Christianity knows nothing of a "science of religion;" it is a divine revelation, and not a human "science." The phrase is akin to that popular but misleading idea which goes under the name of "religious education." In Constantinople there is an institution of "religious education," but what kind of religion is taught in that Mohammedan university? What we want are chairs for "Christian education" and not merely foundations for "religious education."

What was thus said in London by Prof. Monier-Williams is sensible—"safe and sane"—throughout. If the nations of the world can work out for themselves religions of truth and saving power, let them

go to work at once. But we did not get our holy religion in that way. When it came from Asia into Europe at Philippi there even a crazy girl discerned that it was a revelation from heaven, and she said of Paul and his companions who brought it, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation" (Acts 16: 17). And the Apostle and his colaborers in the Gospel did not deny what she said, nor disclaim their high mission, nor dilute the salvation which they came to proclaim by any compromising concessions to the superstitions and philosophy which met them in that Roman city and colony. From that day to the present time pure Christianity, in so far as it has prevailed in Europe and America, has been accepted as a revelation from heaven, and it has been submitted to as the religion of Him who "is high over all, God blessed forever" (Romans 9: 5).

The nations of the Western world accepted the Gospel in perfect submission to its demands, and all other peoples will have to do the same.

Christianity is not a Western religion. It arose in the East, like the sun in the dawning of the morning, and it has moved majestically through many lands, scattering, with its radiant beams of uncompromising light, the deepest darkness wherever it has gone. It is not the Gospel for the East or for the West; but it is the Sun of Righteousness for the illumination of all the world, and all mankind must joyously welcome it and gladly submit to its guidance.

In its proclamation the messengers of heaven are not submitting the claims of Jesus Christ to a

plebiscite. His Gospel is not a political platform, ingeniously framed to catch votes for Him; it is a royal decree calling men to yield themselves to the laws and conform themselves to the life of his heavenly kingdom. It is a universal salvation, and not a provincial redemption which accomodates itself to each nation which it approaches. It does not advance by any process of amalgamation with the prevalent cults of any land. Both the Occident and the Orient must take it as it is, without any modification of its essential truth.

In the Orient are many ancient religions, but evangelical Christianity cannot be mingled with them in order to make a popular composition. It might more easily mix with Romanism in Mexico than with Buddhism in Japan or Hinduism in India. The Roman Catholics believe in the Bible, although they do not use it much. They believe in the Virgin Birth, and in the Virgin too. They believe in the deity of Christ and in the atonement made by Him to save a sinful world. But Protestantism cannot blend with Romanism in Mexico. Nor can we risk it in Cuba or any of the Latin nations where Romanism is. Our Gospel is too definite and divine to mix with any erroneous cult or superstitious faith. Its royal requirements must be proclaimed and accepted, unrevised in form and unabated in authority.

The uncompromising, supreme authority of Jesus Christ our Lord must be asserted for the conquest of liberalism and secularism in our own land and for the overthrow of all opposing religions everywhere. The weapons of our warfare are quite adequate for the

conflicts which confront us. They are not carnal, but they are not on that account weak. On the contrary, "they are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Corinthians 10: 4).

Our civilization, if by that vague word we mean the type of life seen in our own country, must be brought into subjection to Christ. The last and stoutest force among us which must be conquered is the secularism of commerce which gives rise to the liberalism of luxury that is unwilling to endure anything disagreeable, or to accept any high, hard truth which conflicts with its self-will. Was it not Horace Bushnell who said that "the salvation of the world waits on the conversion of commerce?" That is quite true. When the trade winds are saturated with Christianity the waves of salvation will sweep over the world in a day.

The most obstinate and truculent foe to our holy religion is now, and always has been, the idolatry of covetousness. That sin of Achan brought the first defeat of Israel when the conquest of Canaan was undertaken under the leadership of Joshua; and the same offense by Ananias and Sapphira brought upon the primitive Church its first humiliating check, when it entered upon its great mission of Christianizing the world. Money "answers all things," endows every form of selfishness, and empowers every aspiration of the carnal mind to resist the will of God. Hence, the inveterate obstacle of commerce to the promotion of Christianity. Our commerce is not Christian in character by a great deal. The vast gambling scheme now going on in New York is

thoroughly and shamelessly pagan and godless. And many other forms of the same idolatry are found throughout our nation.

Only our great Christ with His supreme salvation can vanquish the heathenism in our own and all other lands. He alone has the power to save all mankind. Whatever may be the material progress achieved by men, Christ will always be indispensable to their salvation. They need not look and wait for any greater or better Redeemer. There is no superior Saviour to come.

John the Baptist sent two of his disciples to Jesus inquiring, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" (Matthew 11: 3). The Master's reply satisfied all the questionings and doubts of the Prophet of the Wilderness, and the answer of his divine Person and His teachings may well be accepted by us as God's final and full revelation. From what quarter in heaven or earth can we reasonably expect another Saviour to come? The highest archangel in the hierarchy of the skies could not provide a salvation so great and good as that which Jesus offers to our sin-laden and sorrow-stricken race.

What is needed for all mankind is that this supreme Christ be magnified by our lives and works; and that His supreme salvation be proclaimed to the ends of the earth with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. To his stature we can add nothing, and we should have no disposition to reduce it. Let us have done with the folly that would put Him on a level with Confucius and Buddha and Mahomet, or would set Him in their midst to confer

with them on the best way to save the world. He can have no fellowship with them, nor can He approve the darkness of their heathenism, however its huge form may loom in its surrounding gloom. He is supreme, or He is nothing.

Let us have done with the petty liberalism and puerile rationalism in our land, which stick at His Virgin Birth, evaporate His bodily resurrection into a mist or a myth, explain away His Atonement, disintegrate His redemption, and denature His Gospel. The present is of all times the least capable of being converted and conquered by such feeble and forceless preachments of naturalism. The mighty powers of this age require a mighty Saviour to bring them out of the bondage of sin and subject them to the rule of God.

Do not disperse from a war-worn world the angelic host of the Advent singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men" (Luke 2: 14). In this age of insurgent greed and money-mad multitudes, do not beckon away from the Saviour's feet the adorning Wise Men, as they open their treasures, and present to the Babe of Bethlehem their precious gifts of gold and their fragrant offerings of frankincense. Rather with them, rejoice at his coming, and follow the Star which leads worshipers to Him. In this period of dullness and death, do not seek to silence the angels of the Resurrection, who would comfort the sorrowing Magdalenes of earth with the declaration that their Lord is no longer among the dead, but has risen to die no more. Rather with Thomas, no longer

doubting, cry, with confident faith and fervent love, "My Lord and my God" (John 20: 28).

When all the world thus adores its supreme Saviour and King, the angels will come again, singing songs of rejoicing above it, and the redeemed peoples of earth will mingle the praises of their Redeemer with the heavenly strains, falling from on high, and the whole family of God in heaven and earth named for Him will cry in unison:

> "Bring forth the royal diadem
> And crown Him Lord of all."

To this glorious consummation in the new heaven and the new earth mankind must come through this Supreme Saviour and His supreme salvation, when there shall be no more sin, nor death, neither sorrow nor crying, and He that sits upon the throne shall say, "Behold I make all things new" (Revelation 21: 1–5).

CHAPTER IX

THE MISSIONARY IMPERATIVE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY BISHOP E. D. MOUZON

THE missionary imperative is written in large letters over the entire New Testament. If I had time this morning and if you had the patience, it would be altogether worth while to do nothing more than turn over the pages of the New Testament and see how often, and in what various ways, we are exhorted and commanded to take the Gospel of Jesus Christ to all men everywhere, and to apply its principles to the operation of all human institutions.

Only by way of introduction, let me read these memorable words from the lips of the risen Master: "All authority has been given unto me, in heaven and in earth. Go, therefore, make disciples of all nations." And then, turning from the first book in the New Testament to the last book in the New Testament, let me read again, "And the Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely." But important as all this is, vital as is the written command and exhortation, the missionary imperative of the New Testament lies deeper down than written word or spoken commandment. Indeed, if there were no command from the lips of Jesus, if there had been recorded on the pages of the New Testament no exhortation to carry the

Gospel to all men everywhere, the very same missionary imperative would rest upon us with tremendous and overwhelming force. For the missionary imperative is not the imperative of written or spoken words; it is the imperative that lies inherent in the very nature of the religion of the New Testament. The missionary imperative of the New Testament is the missionary imperative of our holy religion. Our religion being what it is, and we having come under the power of this holy religion, we do not need any external command pushing us from behind. There is an inner imperative. There is the necessary and essential obligation that rests upon every one of us, being Christians and being in possession of the religion of the New Testament, to give to all men everywhere the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to share with all men everywhere that experience which is the very life of our lives. This same experience found itself vocal in the Methodist revival. In the language of the well known hymn:

> "What we have felt and see,
> With confidence we tell,
> And publish to the sons of men,
> The signs infallible."

I

The revelation of the character of God that has come to us through Jesus Christ and in Jesus Christ imposes upon us the most sacred duty to share this revelation with all men everywhere.

All men everywhere believe in God or the gods. Man is by nature religious. Men through the centuries have yearned for God. The only adequate

conception of God to be found in human history anywhere is the revelation of God that came in the *Person* of our Saviour, Jesus Christ—not merely in the *words* that fell from the lips of the Master, but in the *Person* of our Lord. Because only a person can reveal personality, God could never be fully revealed except in the Person of his Only Begotten Son.

There is no revelation like it anywhere in all the world. Jesus did not come to destroy any lesser faith, but to fulfill. And that word "fulfill" means more than it means in the popular mind. Turn the component parts of that word around, and you get the meaning of it. He came not to destroy but to fill full. He did not come to turn out any light, no matter how dimly burning in the remotest part of the world. He came to turn it up.

The religion of the Old Testament, He did not come to destroy. He came to fill it full. The full revelation of God as Father is not found in the religion of the Old Testament. The Psalmist was coming near to it when he said, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." But that does not come up to the revelation of the Father as seen in the New Testament. The Psalmist was coming yet closer to it when he said, "*Like as a father* pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." But Jesus Christ came and made it known to us, and he desires it to be made known to all the world, that *God is not only like a father, he is a father,* and he pitieth not only those that fear him but most of all does he pity those that fear him not. It was the yearning of the human soul everywhere that spoke in the language of the

disciple, "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us," and Jesus said, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet dost thou not know me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." That is the final word about God.

As I said, all men everywhere, in some way, have believed in God. Man cannot live without God. Every star goes out, every light burns low, every flower withers and dies, every hope disappears, eternal night reigns everywhere without God. Now in Christ there has come to us the only satisfying revelation of God, and it is imperative that we should share it with all the world. There come anxious hours, there come heart-breaking experiences, and we wonder if God is good. That is a very striking illustration a recent author has given us. A little child might one day say to his father, "Father, is God as big as Mount Everest?" and the father might endeavor to explain that God could not be spoken of in terms of time and space. And then the child might say "Father, is God as clever as Einstein?" And then the father might smile and not find it necessary to answer. And then the child might say, "Father is God as good as Jesus?" And then the father would say, "My child, that is my hope and that is my faith, that in the long run it will turn out that God is as good as Jesus." This is indeed the Christian message—that God is as good as Jesus.

In recent years you have heard, and very properly heard, much said about the divinity of Christ. There is another doctrine that needs to be declared—and it is imperative that we should declare it everywhere,

namely, the doctrine of the Christ-likeness of God. That is the message of the New Testament; and since you and I know it, and have brought it home to our hearts and are living by it and are willing to die by it, and since the world is perishing without it, it is our duty to carry it to all men everywhere, telling them of the Christ-likeness of the divine, telling them that God is as good as Jesus.

II

There is a great truth that lies at the very heart of our religion, or rather let me say, a great fact, the fact of Christ and his redemption.

Jesus was a teacher. He is the world's supreme teacher. But, after all, the religion of the New Testament is much more than the religion of a Great Teacher. *It is the religion of the Redeemer.*

There was need of redemption. Man has three age-old enemies, and sooner or later you will have to grapple with them or they will grapple with you. In youth, dancing with rainbow hopes in front of you, you may know little and think little of these age-old enemies, but after a while you will come to close quarters with every one of them. One is Sorrow, which will come sooner or later and break your heart. Another is Sin, and sin will seem more terrible as you grow older. You woke to moral consciousness with the knowledge of sin. And the other is Death—Death that comes into your home and bares away the best loved form. Death that is waiting to come to you, and is sure to come sooner or later. *Sorrow*, *Sin*, and *Death* are everywhere.

What are we going to do about it? Well, there are various plans that men have tried. One is to *ignore* them, to endeavor to forget them. Another is to *deny* them. Another is to *sit in despair* in the presence of them. Christianity is the only religion in the world that fully and freely recognizes the fact of evil in the world and undertakes to conquer them. It denies nothing; it affirms it all. And then enters into battle with them with the assurance that, in the end, they will be overcome.

That is the message of the Cross. That is the significance of the death of Christ. For according to our Gospel, God is not indifferent to human sorrow and sin and death. God does not sit remote, aloof from it all. God not only has knowledge of it, looking down upon it, as it were, from a distance; but in Jesus Christ, God Himself enters into battle, takes part in the struggle, bares his breast to the blow, takes our sin and sorrow and death home to Himself and makes them a part of the divine experience, *and in doing so redeems us*. This is the mystery of the Cross, and this is the Gospel that you and I have to tell to all the world.

This is our only hope. This is our only salvation. Our God has come to us as a God of deliverances. And out into the world we go from America to lands beyond the seas, to tell them that God is not an indifferent God, that God is not a God that sits apart, but is a God that shares in the battle and in the struggle, and by his almightiness and his love he has pledged and provided a glorious deliverance from the evil that is in the world.

III

I like to repeat the Apostles' Creed, and whenever I repeat it I linger over one great article in that creed, and that is this: "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins.*" *The Christian Gospel, the glad tidings of the forgiveness of sins, imposes upon us the divinest obligation to tell men everywhere that our God is a forgiving God.*

Is it easy to forgive sins? That is the hardest thing anybody ever did, or ever tried to do—to forgive sins. Anybody can hate. I would not try it if I were you. The naked savage of the jungles can beat you hating. Anybody can dislike. A small man can dislike. I would not cultivate it if I were you. *It is divine to forgive.* But it is the hardest thing anybody ever did.

And it was not easy for God—may I say it, reverently? It was the hardest thing God ever undertook—*to forgive sins.* It cost the sufferings and death of his Son on the Cross. The Cross where Jesus died is what the forgiveness of sin cost God.

Tell it out in all the world that sins may be forgiven. I fear that we preachers have not been preaching it as we should. I fear we have forgotten it even in our pulpits at home. We go after men of big business and of high social standing. We are specially interested in the respectable, and very properly do we look after our children. I mean it is proper to look after children. I am not so sure that always we look after them properly. But what about the sinful and the lost?

What was it that gave Methodism her early glory? It was the gospel of divine forgiveness that Wesley and those associated with him preached to men; and

when they heard it, the miners of Cornwall greeted it with joy while the tears washed channels down their blackened, grimy faces. It was the gospel that there are no hopeless cases in the world. It was the faith that all men are redeemable, that,

> "Down in the human heart,
> Crushed by the tempter,
> Feelings lie buried that grace may restore."

Jesus did not know any hopeless cases. It did not make any difference who came to Him. Was it the publican, the rich and prosperous grafter? He forgave him and saved him. Was it the public woman, life blighted and soul blasted? "Go and sin no more," He said to her.

And I love to turn to one of the greatest passages in the New Testament and see what the Apostle Paul says in writing to the Corinthians. He calls over names of the great sins, the worst that could be committed, and these are some of the words he uses—"Fornicators, idolaters, adulterers, effeminates, sodomites, thieves, drunkards, revilers, covetous, extortioners." He calls over those names, and then goes on to say exultantly, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the Spirit of our God."

We need ourselves more deeply to enter into the experience of this Salvation; for the religion of the New Testament is the religion of experience, and the missionary imperative is the imperative that grows out of a great experience. It matters little how many

great conferences we call together, nor does it matter how often we appeal to men to come with money to the help of the Church in carrying our message to all the world; I say, if this alone is done, it matters little. What we need most of all is, in our hearts and in these daily lives of ours, to have such an experience of divine grace, and ourselves to come so fully under the divine power that we shall be persuaded without the shadow of a doubt that the only thing that is going to save the world is the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is our supreme need.

IV

Another thing I wish to say: The Christian message is the only hope for human society. And because it is the only hope we are put under a divine command.

Awhile back I heard a distinguished preacher say that there were not any new doctrines to preach. Well, there are not, I suppose; but I do not mean that just as he evidently meant it. He went on to say that every great revival in human history had grown out of the rediscovery and new emphasis of some great doctrine, but that now they had all been discovered and emphasized, and if we were to have a revival, we could only have it by reiteration of things that had already been proclaimed.

Well, yes, and no! For even while he spoke, a doctrine that had been lying there in the New Testament all the time and that men had been overlooking in some way, namely, *the Gospel of the Kingdom*, had come to new emphasis and already we find ourselves in the midst of the greatest revival of modern times,

a revival of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. That was what Jesus told us to pray for, "Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." It was what Jesus was talking about when he said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," which means the rule and reign of the love of God in human hearts and in all human institutions. And yet there are belated and benighted minds that would tell us that the Gospel deals only with the individual as an individual. There is no such thing as an individual *as an individual*, because the individual does not live separate and apart from human society. A man comes into individuality as he associates with his fellow men and lives with his human brothers. There might be an individual lion out yonder in the wilderness or an individual tiger yonder somewhere, but no man comes to individuality except in coöperation and relationship with his brothers. And there is no such thing as living a Christian life apart from the world we live in. The only hope of human society is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know there have been differences of opinion, always have been from New Testament days until now, as to whether the Kingdom is ultimately to come in as the result of a cataclysmic upheavel or whether it is to come in gradually, first the blade, and then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear. Whether it is to come with a shout of the redeemed and blast of trumphets out of the other world, or whether it is to come gradually as the leaven leavens the whole lump—I am not much concerned about all that. In all probability, it will come

in both ways. For as we look back over human history, we see that there has never been a great movement that did not come gradually to a head, and then, when nobody expected it, it suddenly showed itself to the world. But I leave all that with God. He has to do with that; it is this that I have to do with—*I have to do with making it come.* I have to do with praying, "Thy Kingdom come." My business is to "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness."

I say, therefore, I have deliberately made up my mind, by the grace of God, that I will be a Christian —that I will be a Christian not merely as an individual but I will be a Christian as a husband and as a father; I will be a Christian as a business man and as a brother in human society, believing that not merely the individual but the world itself, that is to say, all human society, in all of its relationships, is the subject of redemption, that Jesus Christ is going to reign till he has put all his enemies under his feet.

Brethren, you might as well understand it. You have got to believe your Gospel, the Gospel in its entirety. You must trust it too. You have got to trust it anywhere, however, socially as well as for individuals. You will meet criticism; it will cost you much; and you may have to learn again the meaning of the Cross; but the missionary imperative is upon us to make America Christian in all her institutions and to make the whole world Christian. It can be done.

Let us turn to that glorious vision that broke upon John, on Patmos: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth

are past away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and they shall be his people, and God shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are past away. And He that sat upon the Throne said, Behold, I make all things new." And that is what we are going out into the world to do, to bring in that day when tears shall be wiped away, and burdened hearts broken with sin and pain shall be relieved and bound up and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. I would make the words of the poet my own:

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In this our fair and pleasant land."

CHAPTER X

METHODISM IN EUROPE

BY BISHOP U. V. W. DARLINGTON

METHODISM has had a place in Europe for many years, but its work has been done largely by the Methodist Episcopal Church, the British Wesleyan Church, and the French Wesleyan Church. Our own work in Europe began immediately after the World War. This great conflict seriously interfered with the activity of other branches of Methodism. In Germany the Methodist Episcopal Church lost, in actual membership and working force, half of its people. But since the war the work of this great Church is growing rapidly, not only in Germany but also in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, France, Italy, and Bulgaria.

When conditions became such as to make us believe that it was our duty to help evangelize Europe, we conferred with representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and reached an agreement whereby our work has been and is confined to the three countries of Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. This agreement has been kept to the letter and there is no overlapping of American Methodism in Europe.

Let me remind you that in these three countries, the Roman Church—and I want to give it its right name—holds most of the people in its grasp. The question has been asked by a great many honest Methodist people: "Has our Church any message for

these European countries?" I will answer it by asking another question: "Has Methodism a message for anybody anywhere beyond our own borders?" If we have, then God knows we have a message for the people of these three countries. Methodism has a message for the people of those three countries in which we are at work, because those people are largely dependent upon the Roman Catholic Church for the Gospel, and we all know what that means anywhere. Let it be understood, any man or woman who has not gone into any other country than our own is scarcely capable of passing judgment upon the real Roman Catholic Church. It must be seen in some countries where it dominates, where it has all power, and where it controls the atmosphere in which people live. The Roman Catholic Church in America is one thing and in Europe it is another thing. Its purpose is the same, its plan is the same, but it does not live in this country in the same atmosphere as in Europe; in Europe it lives in an atmosphere it has created, and in America it lives in an atmosphere Protestantism has created, and there is all the difference in the world. Anybody who really knows what the people get when they are dependent upon the Roman Catholic Church for an interpretation of the Gospel of the Son of God will sympathize with those people and understand that we really do have a message for them.

The message of Methodism for Europe is that based upon this utterance of the Apostle, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds" like a sentinel. This is the mes-

sage of Methodism to Europe and the message of Methodism everywhere, a message that begins by creating peace in human hearts. It leaps from one heart to another, and from one life to another, and from one nation to another, and from one continent to another until the world shall sing a pæan of peace! That is our message.

We are fond of talking about peace, but let me remind you that the real peace that must dominate the world is the peace which is born in human hearts. It is the peace of God. So I hope the time will come when "He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples, and will cause them to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." But we remember that Europe is the cockpit of the world. Nearly all the wars that have disturbed the heart of the world have been born in Europe; and if you are going to settle the question of war, and if you are going to bring in peace, in God Almighty's name let us begin in the cockpit; let us begin where war begins. And if Europe is the cockpit of the world, these little nations of Central Europe are cockpits of Europe. Out of this little corner of the European continent has come the troubles that have disturbed not only Europe but the whole world.

Now if we want to help bring about peace, absolute peace, in the world's life, then God help us to bring to these people an interpretation of the Gospel of the Son of God that will bring peace to their own hearts. Did you ever think about it from that viewpoint?

The truth is that the Church which has dominated these lands through centuries has not brought them an interpretation of the Gospel that would bring that peace. It has brought them that which has saturated them with suspicion. Europe lives in an atmosphere of suspicion, an atmosphere created by secret diplomacy. Europe lives in an atmosphere that has produced malice and hatred and war, and you will never have another condition there until Jesus Christ is rightly interpreted to those people.

In spite of adverse conditions we have gone forward with our work, and we can to-day say, in the words of the illustrious founder of Methodism, "The best of all is, God is with us." When I crossed the ocean a year ago, traveling with a certain representative of another Church, who did not know me (and I determined he should not know because I thought I could determine better who he was if he didn't know who I was)—he said that the Socialists and Methodists were giving them a large lot of trouble in Europe. But in spite of the adverse conditions which we have faced, we can, I repeat it, say for the three countries in which we work, "The best of all is, God is with us."

Let me particularize a little as to what we are doing in Belgium. Many persons have no true conception of what has been done in Belgium since we have been doing evangelistic work there. This work is steadily growing. Our limitations in Belgium do not grow out of the attitude of the people but are due to the fact that, owing to the shortage of funds, we cannot man our work as we would like to man it. We have

one serious trouble over there, in that we lack one thing—a Bible School in which to train our workers. I would to God that He, through the ministration of the Holy Spirit, might move upon some layman's heart, some preacher's heart, or somebody's heart, to provide the money to open such an institution.

Persons who have never been there and seen our work cannot appreciate the remarkable entrée which we have to the people of Belgium. Let me particularize. A good woman on this continent recently gave me a thousand dollars to use in evangelistic work, and I chose to use it in Belgium. I bought a tent (we would call it that in this country, but it is really a house with wooden sides and a wooden floor and a cloth top) and a little truck to transport it. I bought this tent from a man who has used it for a moving picture show. We cleansed it and turned it into a chapel. We started with it in the heart of Brussels, a city of nearly a million people down in the heart of this great old city, and for three long weeks every night, that tent, seating three hundred people, was crowded to the limit, with an equal number standing on the outside. Such is the opportunity of Methodism to bring the Gospel to these hungry-hearted people, who have broken with their old faith and their old Church, and who are absolutely free to hear any man who has a real message to bring them. They will come, and come by thousands.

This is our opportunity. There is no other Methodism in that little kingdom, and it is ours to bring to these people the word of life. In these days by the thousands they stand about and call for it. The

little force with which we are working are doing all they can with the funds allotted to them to bring to these people the word of Life.

Let me remind you of another phase of our work: *the colportage work.* We have colporteurs who go about Belgium selling tracts, copies of the Scriptures in Flemish and French. In a certain village one of our colporteurs went amongst the people distributing tracts and copies of the Gospels, and when his Eminence (if I may so refer to him)—for he is certainly eminent over there—when the priest found out what was taking place, he called the people together and said, "The devil is amongst us distributing that which they call the Holy book; it is death to you, and I want to take it and burn it wherever you lay your hands upon it." The people did exactly what he told them to do—not all of them, thank God, for some kept the books and read them. After a while the priest had a prayer meeting about it, and prayed the devil out of the country. About a week later the colporteur went to his house and knocked on the door and said, "May I sell you a copy of the Holy Scriptures?" "What," exclaimed the priest, "are you back here! We prayed the devil out of this country."

Whenever a little country like that is so anxious for the truth, and when thousands of people have broken away from their old faith, and when the colporteurs carry to them the Holy Scriptures, only our children and our children's children will be able to determine the true results of their labors. We are doing that in Belgium. "But," you say, "what else can you show for your seven years' work?" I have

not time to tell about all of it, and can only call over the names of the places where we have established our churches: Brussels (three congregations), Dunkirk, Comines, Messines, Ecaussinnes, Ghent, Ghlin, Herstal, Liege, Ypres, Wevelghem, Antwerp (two congregations), Aerschot, Hoboken, Malines, Jemeppe.

What have we done? Only God can tell what we have done. I can only call over the places where we are at work; but in the hearts of the people where we have planted the truth, only the angels can tell today, and only God will be able to disclose in the years to come.

Now let me refer to another little country that was not existent as a country before the World War, though it had been a nation in the days long gone: over in the heart of Central Europe, that wonderfully beautiful country of Czechoslovakia. It was dismembered in the long-gone past and trodden under the heels of the Hapsburgs. All of the Czeches, wherever they have been found, whether among the Bohemians or Moravians, anywhere their feet may have wandered were under the shadow of the Hapsburg rule and the Roman Church, yet always prayed for deliverance.

That great spirit, Woodrow Wilson, came to them —and you will never know what Woodrow Wilson has done for the world until a hundred years from now when our children can look back and see it all. When he, at the peace conference at Versailles, gave utterance to that doctrine of self-determination, the doctrine of self-government for the small peoples of

Europe, then every Czech everywhere, Bohemian or Moravian, jumped, at least figuratively, to his feet and said, "Here is the chance for us to have our own country and flag and people, and we will come back together as we were in the days of John Huss, in the days of long ago." And so there was born, out of that peace conference, around the table at Versailles, the little country of Czechoslovakia, the land of John Huss and of Comenius.

When the war was over and when Czechoslovakia was set up under its own flag, these people felt so kindly toward Woodrow Wilson that they said among themselves, "We have no money; we can't buy anything. But we have the love of our hearts which we are willing to lay down at the feet of this great man who has helped us in the day of our necessity." So over the door of the greatest railway station in the city of Prague they wrote the words, "Wilson Station," and anybody that goes into the old city of Prague, traveling from the west side of Europe, buys a ticket to Prague and Wilson Station. When one alights in Wilson Station he feels that he is standing on sacred ground, made sacred by the fact that these people have consecrated it to the name and honor of Woodrow Wilson. Let me add also that when you walk out of the station you walk out on Hoover Avenue!

These people love America, they trust America, because of what America did for them in the days of their necessity.

What have we done over there? We have 10,000 Methodists, thank God, in Czchoslovakia to-day, set

up into an Annaul Conference, with three presiding elders' districts, with a Bible seminary, and thirty-two young Czech preachers, who have pursued, or are pursuing, their seminary courses, forty charges, and 10,000 members, devoted and honest people who are trying to find the truth as their fathers knew it in the days long gone.

But are we making Methodists out of them? Well, thank God, first of all, we are making Christians out of them; and if they are good Christians, they will be most excellent Methodists. And I can prove that we are at least making Methodist preachers. We have in our Czechoslovak Conference two brothers. The name of one is Vaclav Hunaty and the other is John Hunaty. Vaclav Hunaty has no wife and John has a wife and two or three children. Now, we begin our work or extend our work after this fashion. Every presiding elder in Czechoslovakia is not expected to have a Cadillac. He is really not expected to have a Ford, but he is expected to have a tent. So when we hold our annual sessions, we select at least three points, one in each presiding elder's district, where we have no organized work, and plan to occupy them. So I said, "Brother Vancura, take your tent in July and go to Moravska Ostrava and hold a meeting there, preaching every night for a month." There is no question of congregations in Czechoslovakia, for our tents are always crowded. We send with the presiding elder a young preacher to be his junior, so that when the work is done and the presiding elder has taken down his tent and gone to another place, the young preacher may stay behind as pastor. So we

decided to send Vaclav Hunaty with Brother Vancura down to Moravska Ostrava for this campaign in July.

When I read the appointments and the Conference adjourned, I met Brother Hunaty. He was talking Czech, talking with his mouth and his hands and his feet, talking all over, and I attempted to talk back in broken English. He didn't know a word I said and I didn't know a word he said, and we had a delightful conversation, until one of the presiding elders came over to interpret. "Brother Hunaty says he can't go to Moravska Ostrava; that is up in the lake country, there are great fogs up there and he is predisposed to tuberculosis. He says you must not send him there for he will surely die." Well, I didn't want to kill a Methodist preacher and so I said, "I will think about this." So we had a little conference and I said, "Brother Vancura, you take Brother Hunaty down to a good doctor and put him under an X-ray machine, photograph his lungs and bring me the picture." So he did it, and the report was that Brother Hunaty's lungs were in perfect condition. When he came back the next day I said, "Brother Hunaty, here is a picture of your lungs. There is nothing the matter with you. You can breathe anywhere. The doctor says so and this picture substantiates it. So you can go to Moravska Ostrava." Well, he was so delighted to know that he was not troubled with tuberculosis that he was glad to go. Now, I say to any Bishop holding any Conference on any soil anywhere, get an X-ray machine and carry it with you!

As the result of that experience Brother Hunaty went. He did his work and stayed there a year, and when he came to the Conference held at Pilsen, he reported: "O, how happy I have been. I have spent the happiest year of my life. We have an organized Church of a hundred Methodists. We have raised enough money to buy a lot; and if we had enough money to build a Church, we would be able to do a great work!"

That is the kind of work we are doing. We are indeed making Methodists out of them, but best of all, we are making Christians out of these warm-hearted Bohemians and Moravians. Who are these Bohemians and Moravians? They are descendants of that company of men who in the days long gone taught John Wesley the way of the Lord more perfectly. We owe them a debt. God help us to pay it.

Then from Czechoslovakia I would turn our faces northward to that wonderful country of Poland. The land of lights and shadows. The land of plenty and poverty. The land of education and ignorance. The land of Pilsudski, Paderewski, and Dropiowski. The land of a great heart hunger. Thousands upon thousands of people are willing to hear and heed if only we had the money to sustain the men whilst they take to them the bread of life. What is known as "Little White Russia," which is that corner of old Poland, and now new Poland, in the far northeastern reaches, on the border between Poland and Bolshevik Russia. There are dwelling there to-day four million people. Four million people, some of them don't know their right hand from their left, calling to us,

for they have never heard of any other Protestant people, "Send us somebody; come to us with the word of Life and light and hope and salvation." There are two bright young American girls living in the city of Wilno. We have another worker by the name of John Witt at the old city of Slonim and two or three others who are working under him. One of these has a very significant name. When I was over there I said they should elect him treasurer of the mission, because his name is Brother Grabinski. In Little White Russia we have only four or five people and they are trying to answer the call of four million people.

And let me stop long enough to remind you of one thing. This man John Witt came to us and said, "Take me, I would like to work with you." He is a very remarkable man, speaking seven languages fluently, and in the pulpit will reflect credit on any people. That man came to me a year ago and said, "Bishop, send me where I can do the most good." I said, "Where is that?" He said, "White Russia. Let me go out to Slonim, out into the heart of those four million White Russians." You would call it burying oneself. Call it what you will, but he went out as a lighted torch to live amongst this benighted, neglected, desolate, and ignorant company of people. When he arrived the priests of the Roman Church and of the Greek Church tried to thwart every move he made. When he rented a house they would get it away from him, and when he got another they would get that away from him, and after six different moves John Witt found a place to preach. And in little

more than a year this man established a circuit of organized Churches.

Oh, for some money for little White Russia! We have gone as far as we can go on what we have. We are maintaining everything we have established, but we can't go any further unless we have some more money.

But to particularize. You say, "What are you doing in Poland?" Well, in the following places we have property and organized congregations: Warsaw, Warsaw Praga, Klarysew (school and orphanage), Lwow, Przemysl, Skolimow, Danzig, Poznan, Chodziez, Grudziadz, Czarnylas, Katowice, Ostrow, Wilno, Slonim.

Awake, O Zion. Put on your beautiful garments, O, Jerusalem. Arise and shine, and as a result of thy shining, may the light fall on the darkest spots in poor old Poland far away.

CHAPTER XI

THE CALL OF THE WORLD AND OUR ANSWER

BY BISHOP W. N. AINSWORTH

Ladd in his *Rare Days of Japan* tells about the reception during the days of the Russo-Japanese War, of a message by Admiral Togo from the Minister of War, commanding him in the name of the Emperor, to find and destroy the Russian fleet. Ladd says that the Admiral for three days walked restlessly up and down his cabin without food and without sleep. Then at length he sent this message to the Minister of War: "After a thousand thoughts, now one fixed purpose," and that was to discharge the commission of his king.

The clock is striking the hour for us to make some decisions. We have been listening in. The divine radio has been at work. I think there has been but little static. Surely every one of us must have been hearing the call of the world. As St. Paul says to the Corinthians, "There are many voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." Unfortunately we are slow to hear these voices, and we are slower still to interpret them. The call of the world that falls upon the ears of some is the call that fell upon the ears of Columbus and Magellan and DeSoto and LaSalle—"Come and explore me." The voice that falls upon the ears of another man is the voice that fell upon the ears of Alexander and

Cæsar and Napoleon—"Come and conquer me." The voice that falls upon the ears of another man is the voice that fell upon the ears of Rothschild and Morgan and Stinnes, "Come and possess me." But just as there is an altitude in which all the confused sounds of earth seem to be blended into one harmonious whole—the hum of insects, the lowing of cattle, the booming of the storm, the tumult of battle—so there must be a point and altitude where all the voices of the world are blended into one call, the one which Jesus heard—"Come and redeem me." The deep diapason of it all is a cry for help. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now"—waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. God has heard this cry. He means that it shall be answered. About this there can be no doubt. Calvary has been set in the midst of the eternities and we know that God hath made there, by the oblation of Himself once offered, atonement and satisfaction for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. God's purpose is a redemptive purpose for all men everywhere. Any less program would be unworthy of Deity. Whatever he has done for one man anywhere, that God wants to do for all men everywhere. He will not willingly restrict His benefits, but means the blessings of His grace to flow as far as the curse is found.

The call of the world is a call for unity. God means that mankind shall be one, and it is beginning to be plain that mankind must be one, or in a little while we will be none. We are being so bound up in a

bundle of life that it is written in letters that blaze upon the firmament that no man liveth unto himself, and no nation liveth unto itself. We are so inextricably bound together that nothing that takes place in any corner of the world is without its effect on every man in every part of the world. During the days of the late war, coming as a consequence of the firing of a gun in a little southeastern European town, men were coming to our doors here in America with blue coats and brass buttons on them and they were dictating to us how much sugar we should put in our coffee; they were telling us how many times a week we could have flour bread upon our tables. There was a day when the nations of the world could live, and did live, in independence of each other, but we have reached the hour in the world's life when the welfare of each is the welfare of all and the woe of each is the woe of all.

Once a benighted corner might be left to its degenerate way without jeopardizing the rest of the world, but now it is not safe to leave any part of the world under the dominion of degenerate principles. Christianity must claim the whole of it or find it impossible to hold any of it. The Church of Jesus Christ must lead the way in the acceptance of all the implications of interdependence and unity. Men cannot any longer go out of the world and live in it. They must live with those contacts and correspondences which alone mean life.

The call of the world is a cry for justice. Justice has not always ruled the day in the relationships of the stronger races with the more backward races

of the world. More than once nations have been exploited at the demands of commerce for the enrichment of the peoples who held superior power in their hands. The pages of history record the slave traffic and the rum trade of both England and America with Africa—dark pages that we wish could be torn out of the volume. More than once the world lifted its voice in protest against the sheer brutality of Leopold of Belgium as he laid heavier and heavier burdens upon the people of the African Congo for his own enrichment. China is to-day in the eye of the world. There are charges and counter-charges about the relationships of the rest of us with this greatest of all the nations. It cannot be denied that history records two wars, which we call opium wars, in which Britain, at the point of the gun, forced Indian opium on the unwilling people of China. Whatever else may be said to-day, it must be admitted that very much of unfairness is involved in the treaties that were wrung by the greater nations out of the helplesness of China at an earlier day. Eastern nations have sometimes said that "the actions of the Christian nations speak so loud that we cannot hear what the missionaries say." The hour has come when the Church of God so needs to assert herself that the diplomacy of the dollar shall no longer determine international actions among the peoples of the world, but the fundamental principles of justice and right. All diplomacy must be conducted with reference to the superior values of human worth, and not merely as a diplomacy of commerce.

The call of the world is a call for brotherhood.

Brotherhood is not just a sentiment. Brotherhood manifests itself in acting like brothers. And the big nations of the world, like big brothers in the family life, need to know that the "strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." If we are to discharge the call to brotherhood, the so-called civilized nations of the world must know that we cannot maintain a superiority complex while we ascribe inferiority to the other peoples of the world. For what have we that we have not received? Go, if you will, into northern England and see the Druid altars that are still preserved on which your ancestors, and mine, made human sacrifices as they were reaching out blindly after God. Your great-, great-, grandfathers, and mine, took fair-haired girls like these that sit among us, and bound them to granite posts and sent arrows piercing into their quivering flesh, that they might determine from the trickling of their blood how the issues might be determined in some impending battle. The vast change from then to now is the difference Christ has made. Civilization, as we call it, moved westward because Jesus Christ's Gospel was taken up by missionaries of the Cross and moved into these western lands. If only it had been carried eastward, civilization would have moved eastward. We need humbly to remember that whatever we have, we have received, and that the call of the world to us is a call for brotherhood. The Christian profession becomes our shame unless we share the beneficence that has been showered upon us.

But most of all, the call of the world is a call for

God. Philip spoke the word that comes to the lips of all human kind when he said, "Show us the father and it sufficeth us." No nations can go forward or find surcease from sorrow and deliverance from sin, except they find it in the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ alone, can answer the deep moaning cry of the world's need. He said, "I am the bread of life." Bread is the staff of life. Bread is the pabulum upon which the universal race subsists. We do not all make it alike, but bread, more than any other one thing, is the commodity upon which the wide world subsists. When Jesus Christ said, "I am the bread of life," he was using language with accuracy and precision. He was not saying, "I am a desirable addition to human life; I am the dessert after you have already completed a substantial meal." Jesus was saying, "I am the inalienable necessity of the human soul." Let me say with the deepest earnestness, that "he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." A man may have learning; he may have all the rich culture that the schools can give; he may have all the delicacy of instinct that comes from the cultivation of or association with art; but he that hath the Son of God hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. He said, "I am the way. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

I am not unfamiliar with the criticisms that are leveled to-day against the program of the Church to take Jesus Christ to the whole world. It is a day of

criticism. It is an age that is scant of authority. It is an age in which men like Mencken and Sinclair Lewis are having their inning. Men are daring to asperse the names of noble leaders like Gladstone and Lincoln. They do it because they can get a headline in the papers, and because it brings money into their pockets. It is an age that is very prolific of criticism. I know the things that are said in the barber shops of the land. I know the criticisms that are passed upon the program of Christianity in the smoking rooms of Pullman cars. I hear the talk that is indulged in the lounging rooms of ocean liners. I occasionally read the articles that are printed in the magazines of the day. But after all the criticisms have been heard, I have to say with a full-throated earnestness, that Jesus Christ alone can take away the sin of the world; Jesus Christ alone can bring men into the knowledge of the Father.

I have seen a bit of what Confucianism has done and proposes to do; I have seen a little of what Buddhism has done and proposes to do; I have seen something of what Shintoism has done and proposes to do; I have seen a little of what Mohammedanism has done and proposes to do. And I have to say, after having looked at their programs around the world, that Jesus Christ is without a rival. The world's sin is taken away by Him, or the world's sin is not taken away. He is not Jesus, the Great; he is Jesus, the Only. This Jesus Christ is the answer that we have to give to the world's need; Jesus Christ in all the qualities of his Divine-human nature; Jesus Christ in all his offices of prophet, priest and

king; Jesus Christ in the actuality and reality of His resurrection from the dead after the supreme sacrifice that he made upon Calvary for our redemption—this Jesus Christ is the only and sufficient answer to the deep moaning cry of the world.

The high hour has come when the Church needs anew to realize and to interpret her mission to the world. The Church is, in its essence, fundamentally a missionary organization. The Church is such an organism that, if you take out of it that which is missionary, there will be nothing left in it. The Church has not just a department for missionary work; the Church is the organ of missions, and must be merely and only the organ of the continuous passion of Jesus Christ. Missionary activity is not an optional annex of the Church, but is as essential to its true activity as the heart to the body. We call the Church the body of Christ. And what is the body? The body is the physical organism that has to be under the dominion, direction and control of the head. And if you would know what is the mission of the body of Christ, you must know what is the mission of Jesus Christ Himself.

It is high time that the Church should reappraise the status and the functions that it is designed to fulfill in the age in which we live. The Church is not an ark in which many are to be gathered and to float joyfully around over the wide seas of the world's sin and desolation. The Church is not a ship upon which we are expected to take refuge and which at length will land us safely in the port that is on the other shore. The Church is not an insurance order.

to which we are occasionally to pay our dues and insure ourselves against the penalties of the world which is yet to come. The Church is not a debating society where we are to contend over the fine points of ecclesiastical life and procedure. I dare to say that it is not merely, or chiefly, a place for worship where we may regale ourselves in the presence of the revealed God and rejoice in the glory of the inheritance that is yet to be revealed. Let me say that the Church exists for this, and for this only: to give Jesus Christ to the whole world. That is the supreme business of the Church. And I am wondering what He thinks of the loyalty that marks the movement of our days. When I remember that there are a thousand million men and women in the world who have never so much as heard of Christ; when I remember that forty millions of them are passing out of the earth into eternity with each revolving year; when I know that a hundred thousand of these men and women are dying every day; when I remember that four of them pass out every time we draw a breath, and that my beloved Church is giving only a few cents per year, per member, in order that Jesus Christ may become their Saviour too, I am asking myself, Is my Church a real Church of the living God?

From this Conference, we ought to sound a forward march for our beloved Methodism. From this Conference we ought to send forth a cry that would pierce, as a flame of fire, every Church in this land, and there ought to be such a calling forth and laying down of lives and dollars during this next year as our Methodism heretofore has never known.

I wonder sometimes if Satan himself does not marvel at the very slowness of our movement. It is not unlike it was in the days of Israel. It took them forty years to accomplish a journey that ought to have been done in less than forty days. All the events of world politics, all the significant movements of the world's commerce, all the conditions of the hour, indicate that the time has come when God may even yet pour out His Spirit upon all flesh and when in this our day the Church may make a forward movement that would in a little while bring to Jesus Christ the desire of His heart in a redeemed world. Surely this is to us the call of the world. And it is the call of Christ. What are we going to do about it?

In Nottingham, England, there is a little chapel, on the wall of which is a bronze tablet that marks the spot where William Booth, the leader and founder of the Salvation Army, is said to have received the vision and been swept with the passion that sent him as God's restless missionary to the very ends of the earth. This man sometimes wore in the lapel of his coat a pod of red pepper, and he said to inquiring friends, "That means that I am red-hot for salvation." It is said that one day a humble African wandered into the little chapel. He seemed to be searching for something, and at length he came to this tablet, and there he stood transfixed. And then, looking around him again, he discerned the janitor, and said to him, "Is this the spot where William Booth knelt and prayed?" The janitor said, "This is it." Then said the humble African, "Can a man be permitted to kneel down here?" The janitor said,

"You can. It is a place for prayer." And the old African, falling upon his knees, with uplifted arms and streaming face said, "Lord God, do it again, do it again."

We are not kneeling at that sacred spot where William Booth knelt, but we are gathered this evening in one of the crucial hours of the world's history, an hour, in which I am sure we have heard Jesus speak. Shall we not, every man and woman of us, reverently kneel in the presence of Him who only has the right to reign, and say, "Lord Jesus, do it again, by putting thy redeeming passion upon us?" And we shall go forth from this place, those who have received the legacy of the man who said "The world is my parish," to lift speedily to the lips of the thirsting Son of God the full cup of a redeemed world, that He may see the travail of His soul and be satisfied. God pour upon us this renewed passion until life shall run itself out in the fulfillment of this one purpose, to make Jesus the world's King!

CHAPTER XII

OUR RESOURCES AND OUR TASK

BY BISHOP W. B. BEAUCHAMP

I HAVE been thinking back eighteen years ago to the Edinburgh Conference, the Ecumenical Conference of Missions. It was my great privilege to be present at that conference as one of the delegates from our Church. I remember as distinctly as though it were yesterday the incident which in that conference impressed me most. It was very difficult to get the floor; and if you did, after Dr. Mott had gone over the many papers that had been sent up by conference members for the privilege of speaking, you only had three minutes to say what you had in mind. There was a very remarkable little man, a member of that conference who came from Korea. His name was Yun. Let us thank God that he still lives, a great leader and a great life in his native country. When he secured the platform, in a modest and sincere way, he suggested that the boards at home have a little more confidence in the Churches across the sea and perhaps give them a little more liberty; that if they did, he felt that there would be a response on the part of those Churches in the foreign fields—and his three minutes were up before he finished. Now, it was the first time that had happened in that conference, but out in that great audience arose a figure who had become famous the world over, Mr. William Jennings

Bryan, a great commoner and a great Christian. He said, "Mr. Chairman, I move that the time of Mr. Yun be extended until he finishes his statement, because I suspect he is saying the thing that this conference needs to hear more than anything else". Mr. Yun's time was extended, and he was the only man whose time was extended during that conference, until near the close, when Mr. Bryan's time was also extended.

Now, from that intimation and that suggestion of one of the greatest leaders who has been developed in the Far East by Christian missions, has come, in these eighteen years, a sentiment on every mission field in the world that the new Churches must have what Mr. Yun suggested they ought to have eighteen years ago.

Dr. Jones, in his most appealing and stirring address, spoke of the river Beas. We don't know very much about it in reality, Dr. Jones, except we quite understood what happened from that fine illustration of Alexander the Great at the River Beas, and then of the professor at the same river. The suggestion that needs to sink very deep into the heart of every man and woman present to-day is the suggestion that the Church of Christ in America is at that river Beas.

It may be that some of the missionary leaders in the different denominations apprehended the situation on the foreign fields and this new spirit of self-determination, nationalism, self-respect, and self-support; but let us remember that the vast majority of the membership of the Christian Churches in

America do not apprehend that situation which we face on the foreign fields. It is not a thing to be deplored that this situation has developed in China, in Korea, in India; it is a thing for which the Church at home ought to be profoundly thankful to Almighty God, for it is a sign of the conquest and the development of the gospel of Christ among the people.

The other day—and this was among folk in our Church who understand the missionary situation better than anybody else in it, the women, for the best trained group of missionary folk in the Church are the women. And if to-day, as we stand at this river Beas, the membership of the whole Church knew the missionary situation of the world as these women know it, the river Beas would mean nothing to us. We could go on. But the people do not know.

Now, my subject has been largely discussed by various speakers, particularly by my distinguished friend and coworker in Mexico, Dr. Onderdonk; he said some things in a way that I wouldn't be quite free to say them, but he had the right to speak, for a man who goes on in this missionary task among another people, rejecting the same great inducements that come to some of our home pastors and leaders in other places and goes on in his missionary work simply because he feels it is the task of his life, he has a right to speak to us as he wants to. And I rather think that Dr. Jones has the right to say anything he wants to say to us. I am not so sure that I have that right.

Now, back to these fine women. A group was discussing an address that had been made by a man

from Brazil—a very brilliant gentleman, who had been educated at one of our universities. Speaking just what was in his heart, he declared what they wanted in Brazil and how they felt about it. Some of the ladies spoke to me about it and one of them said: "Now, think of the money that we have spent in Brazil out of our desire to help Brazil; would you think he would come here and talk to us like that?" Because this Brazilian wanted to direct some things in the Brazil Church, or help to do it, and told them so, the ladies took offense. It is not easy for any of us to face the facts of the missionary situation as it is, either at home or across the seas.

Now, I am going to talk to you of the missionary at home, which is the most difficult problem we have in the whole missionary enterprise. If I were to take a text for what I am going to say, I would take the Great Commission of the Lord Jesus Christ to his Church as the ultimate word that has been spoken, or ever will be spoken. It must be obeyed if we are true to the Lord Jesus. In that Commission I find both the resources and the task that is before us. The task, to preach the gospel to all peoples, all nations, teaching them all things that He has taught us; and the ultimate resource in doing it is: "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth; lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." And I, too, sometimes wonder if, in the midst of our programs and plans, all of which are fine and necessary, we lay the supreme emphasis where it does not belong; if we forget to lay the supreme emphasis

upon the power and Spirit of Almighty God to carry on this world evangelization.

In one of the conferences held this fall, the brethern were discussing evangelism and what could be done to more effectively reach the unsaved. A young lady, among many others, was sitting up in the gallery. She is a graduate of one of the great schools of the Church—a rather brilliant young woman. She turned to a lady at her side and said: "Those preachers are discussing the evangelization of the world just as though they were going to do it all by themselves and God wasn't involved in it." I don't know what led her to say it. But it will be a fatal mistake, friends, if we think for a moment that we can do this task that Christ has committed to the Church unless God is supremely in the whole program.

In that last Commission, Jesus told the disciples that the power would come upon them after they tarried in Jerusalem, and they should be witnesses for him at Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and in the uttermost parts of the earth; and to-day, whether here at home or in the Near East or in the Far East, or in Latin America, what is needed supremely is a real witness to the Lord Jesus Christ that we are able to give out of our own experience.

Now, every local Church ought to have three locations in this world. Most of them have just one, which is in that spot where they are built, and in that immediate neighborhood, and they never get beyond it.

Some weeks ago I was in one of our cities and

driving over it with one of the pastors. It was a great industrial city, and he told me, as we rode, "This street marks the division between my congregation and the congregation of Dr. So and So." And as I looked over into a great industrial center, where there were thousands of toilers, I said, "Whose territory is that?" He said, "Well, we don't fight over that." That is one of our supreme troubles here at home; we never like to get out into the Samarias in the program of the Kingdom of God.

But a Church, to be Christian, must have its three locations in its toiling for the Kingdom of God; first, in its own neighborhood, among its own people, to build them up and to train them for service. I am not concerned so much about our Church buildings, though I do think that in a number of places we are over-building. But that, at least, every congregation must determine for itself, and will, but what I am concerned about is that a Church which can spend a half million or a million dollars for a building shall also undertake to do in the Kingdom of God, to the very ends of the earth, a half million or a million dollar business.

Eight years ago I visited in one of the Conferences the most beautiful country Church I have ever seen, a Methodist Church which had been built at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. It was not in a village, but it was fifteen miles from a railroad station. It is a great Church among a rural people. It has its auditorium and its religious education department. I had gone over it after the meeting and was standing in front of it with the man who had given one-fifth

of the money to build it. He said, "I am sorry now that I put ten thousand dollars in that Church." I said, "I don't see why; you have a great plant which ought to do a wonderful service in this community." "Oh," he said, "that is not the point; I put ten thousand dollars in that Church and now it wants to do just the same business it did when we had a twenty-five hundred dollar shed, and I am sorry we built it if that is to be its program."

I am talking here of common things, but they constitute the basic reasons we are not adequately carrying on the evangelization of the world.

I know one Presbyterian Church in Atlanta that has a budget of $101,000 annually; $51,000 of that budget is put into the missionary enterprise at home and abroad. It has a rule that fifty-one per cent of its budget, though it may rise to a quarter of a million dollars, must be for folk other than those who are members of that Church.

What I am pleading for is that, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon the local Churches, we shall arise to a passionate zeal for the Kingdom of God, that will compel us to do at least as much for the other part of the world as we are doing for the small groups that meet in those Churches from Sunday to Sunday.

I think one of the most notable things I have known happened in one of the great Churches in Richmond, a Baptist Church. They were going to build a $750,000 Church. The pastor, since passed away, a great figure and a great leader, said to his people, "With the debt that is on the Board of

Missions of the Southern Baptist Church, and facing the need of the fields, I cannot put $750,000 in this building. I propose that we put a half million in the building and give a quarter of a million to the program of world evangelization." And they did. We have here to-day a group of folk in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, bishops, editors, presiding elders, pastors, and laymen, who would go out and do the selfsame thing if this passion for Christ and the coming of His kingdom shall be poured out upon us as we need it.

I remember when I was pastor of a certain Church, the people wanted to add a one hundred thousand dollar addition to the Church for a Sunday school and religious education department. There was one man in that Church who said, "Whenever you get ready to build this religious education department, I will give one-half of the money, that is, fifty thousand dollars, provided that the ten thousand dollars we now pay annually for the missionary program of the Kingdom of God shall not be touched, but must go on while the building program goes on."

It will be a great day for us when the laymen of the Church have that vision of the Kingdom of God, and the place of every local Church in that Kingdom, and will demand that when we build for ourselves, we must also continue to build more largely for the folks who are not here, but who need Christ just as we need him.

So I believe that every local Church ought to have three locations. One is here in Jerusalem. There is no question about that. We keep that up. All of

us stick to that. And I think it also ought to be out in Samaria doing business for the Kingdom.

One of the greatest works that I know is being done by one of the local Churches of our denomination. A great Baptist layman told me about it the other day. We were at a meeting of the Inter-Racial Commission in Atlanta, and when I was leaving he followed me out and said, "I want to tell you about the greatest Church I know. Strange to say, though I am a Baptist, it is a Methodist Church." It is a little hard for a Baptist to say that; and you know I have great respect for the loyalty of that denomination; I would to God we could equal it. I said, "What has it done, this Church that gave you that impression." Now in that city there is a section—perhaps it is not as low down as a caste of India, of which Dr. Jones said that a fellow has to reach up to touch the bottom—not quite that bad—but it is made up of Syrians, Italians, Greeks, and what not. Now, this pastor said to his Church, "That territory is too near to us to be neglected, and I think we should go down there and get hold of that group and bring them up to this Church."

And let us remember it is more Christian to bring them up to the best Church you have than to stick a measly little mission down there for them. Why couldn't Mexicans be members of our Churches everywhere in the United States? Oh, we have got a long ways to go, a long ways to go! Dr. Jones gave me a fine phrase: "That pagan zone that lies in Christian territory." The pagan zone in the Chris-

tian territory, and in the local Church, is a pretty large zone, too, I am here to testify.

Now this pastor said, "We will go down and get them," and they went down and they did get them. This Baptist brother told me that out of the group they were bringing in were four boys who developed in a remarkable way. One of them was a Syrian. "Why," they said, "this fellow is the brightest chap we have in the whole Sunday school." Now the pastor said to some of the men in the Church, "We should not let those boys go on with no sort of education. Here is a great night school; let us send them to that night school; they have to work in the day time to live." So they went to the night school and graduated, the Syrian leading the class.

"Now," the pastor said, "these boys have such wonderful minds, they ought to go further; I wonder if we couldn't get them out to the university." And they did. That Syrian boy was the most brilliant Greek student that university ever graduated. He has gone on to Johns Hopkins. My Baptist friend said, "I have an idea, a dream and a prayer, that the Syrian boy, picked up out of the slums, will one day give to us all some new meaning of that New Testament, because it came out of his country." That is what I mean by a Church at home also toiling in Samaria.

We will never do our full duty until, by the grace of God, we overcome our caste prejudice, not the same caste prejudice they have in India, but a social prejudice which is making divisions in the Protestant

Church in America and endangering the Kingdom of God.

I think every local Church ought to carry on, not only here in Jerusalem, among its own people and in its own neighborhood, and out in Samaria; but I think it ought also to carry on to the uttermost parts of the earth. It must if it is to be a Christian Church.

I know we are a long ways from that; but if anything could come to us at this Conference, which it seems to me would be beyond any other one idea that could come to us, it would be for us, by the Holy Spirit, to have re-created in us a realization of the supremacy of this Commission of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I wonder if we are asking ourselves, out of the many discussions and questionings and criticisms, I wonder if, practically, we are asking, "How much authority anyhow has this scriptural Commission?" I know we have been playing with fire a long time in that direction; but as surely as we are here, if this gospel, and Jesus Christ who incarnates that gospel, ceases to be supreme in the faith of the Church, and compellingly authoritative for every one of us, then the end has come for the Church of God among men.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHURCH AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONSHIPS

BY HON. CHARLES M. HAY

WITHIN four hours from this moment, there will begin a discussion in the Senate of the United States, which, in my judgment, is destined to be historic. Indeed, the discussion and the vote which shall be cast thereafter may mark a turning point either in the history of our country or of mankind. On this day, the spirit of the blood-red yesterdays meets the spirit of the to-morrow of our dreams. The spirit, history and traditions of the New World challange the spirit, history and traditions of the Old. The Prince of Peace stands face to face with the god of war.

The Senate will discuss and later vote upon two measures: The Cruiser bill and the Kellogg peace pact.[1] Through the Cruiser bill it is proposed that the United States shall construct fifteen cruisers at a cost of $274,000,000. Through the Kellogg pact it is proposed that our country shall join with the other great nations in a declaration outlawing war.

The passage of the Cruiser bill will, in my judgment, mark the abandonment by the United States

[1]Since this address was delivered both measures have been passed, but it has not been deemed necessary to change the wording of the address accordingly.—EDITOR.

of its time-honored policy with respect to military establishments. I know that we have built cruisers before; that we have expended vast sums on the Army and Navy. To weigh the significance of this measure, it is necessary to consider it in the light of our history; of the influences back of it; and of recent occurrences in our own and in other countries.

Throughout our history we have consistently stood for a small military establishment. We have steadfastly refused to enter into mad competition with other nations in armament building. In 1790, when our country lay open before the eyes of greedy nations, we had an army of 1,216 souls. When the Civil War broke out, it numbered 15,300. When the World War began, set over against the millions of Europe's men in arms, we had an army of less than 100,000 efficient for service. Up to 1898, we never expended as much as $100,000,000 on the Army and Navy in any one year of peace. In the last seven years before we entered the Great War, we expended annually on the Army and Navy $297,400,000. Not long before we entered the war, Congress passed a resolution calling upon the President to invite representatives of the nations to meet at a date not later than the end of the war to consider the question of disarmament.

Through our history we have sought to preserve and promote peace and good will with all nations by the amicable settlement of international disputes. Within five years after the adoption of the Constitution, the Maine-Canada boundary dispute was settled by arbitration under a treaty negotiated by

John Jay representing this country. Between that date and the outbreak of the Great War eighty-two other disputes were determined, thirty-three with European countries, forty-four with Latin-American countries, and five with Asiatic. Between 1913 and July, 1917, the United States entered into treaties with twenty-one nations, providing that all disputes which diplomacy should fail to adjust should be submitted to an international commission, pending whose investigation and report war should not be declared nor hostilities begun. These treaties did not bind the parties to arbitration, but they provided for a "cooling-off" time and for suggestions from commissions which might point the way to pacific adjustment. The United States was a party to the two Hague conventions, and through our Minister at The Hague we were endeavoring to arrange for another such convention when war broke out in 1914.

That was our history before the war. Of that story, and the spirit of which it tells, every peace-loving American should be proud.

What is the story since the Great War? We declined to join the League of Nations; we have, thus far, refused to adhere to the World Court; we have failed to keep alive the spirit that seemed to posess us in the Naval Disarmament Conference; our leadership was ineffectual in the Geneva Conference; we have lagged behind the other great nations in leadership toward the arbitration or judicial determination of international disputes. But more than that: In the last seven years we have expanded annually on the Army and Navy $797,400,000, a cold one-half

billion dollars more than we expended annually during the seven years immediately preceding our entry into the World War. In 1913 the German Navy had a tonnage of 1,030,000; in 1926 a tonnage of 151,000. In 1913, the British Navy had a tonnage of 2,208,000; in 1926, a tonnage of 1,184,000. In 1913, our Navy had a tonnage of 843,000; in 1926, a tonnage of 1,290,-000, the largest of any Navy in the world.

With this history in the background, and in the atmosphere this history denotes, the present Cruiser bill was introduced. In its original form, it called for the building, not of fifteen cruisers, but of seventy ships; not for the expenditure of $274,000,000, but of $700,000,000. And in its original form, it had the indorsement of this administration! The Secretary of the Navy went so far as to recommend a three billion-dollar special Navy building program.

In the light of these facts, should the world wonder that the President would deliver an Armistice Day speech which does violence not only to his previous utterances but to the whole course and spirit of our history before the Great War? In the light of these facts, can anyone doubt that the Cruiser bill is a part of a program planned and fostered by forces determined for their own profit and anticipated glory to commit us to an armament policy which will belie our history and plunge us into mad competition with other nations in preparations for war? What other conclusion can we come to when we contemplate this measure, not only in the light of the facts I have detailed but its futility as a defense measure? In another Great War, your cruisers and your battleships

will be but as "painted ships on a painted ocean." The history of that war will not be the story of the daring and deadly deeds of sailors, marines, or soldiers. It will be the grewsome story of devastation and death dropped from the air by bloodless hands and heartless bodies doing the bidding of minds in the distance, safe from harm but mighty in destruction. Sir Philip Gibbs, in an article recently published, draws a picture of the possibilities—nay, the certainties—of destruction visited from the air in the next war from which the mind recoils in horror. He says that aircraft, whose speed and range have been greatly increased since the war, now carry bombs weighing 4,000 pounds. He says: "Hostile aircraft may in the future dispense altogether with human pilots, for certain large targets, like big cities, and be controlled by wireless energy. Even to-day, says Professor Low, it is possible for an airplane to operate a torpedo, to steer it properly, to slow it down, to fire it; and experiments have been made with wireless-controlled aircraft loaded with time-fuse bombs, so that, in the next war, cities may be attacked by swarms of machines dropping bombs upon them at the touch of some distant vibration." Add to this the poisonous gases of "incredible malignity," which Winston Churchill declares already exist, and you have a forecast of hellish visitations which would hasten the end of civilization.

Confronted with these facts and forebodings, can any man urge that we go forward with this program? Before we resolve upon it, let us look at the other picture.

The other measure to be discussed is the Kellogg pact. It is a brief document containing but two articles, which read as follows:

"Article I.—The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

"Article II.—The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

It is charged that this is but a resolution against war. Admitted. But it is a resolution of momentous significance. It is significant in the light of history. What would Alexander the Great say of this resolution? Or Napoleon? Or Machiavelli, who, voicing the spirit of the leadership of the Middle Ages, declared that the Prince or Ruler is "to have no other design, nor thought, nor study, but war and the arts and disciplines of it, for indeed that is the only profession worthy of a Prince." What would Bernhardi or Nietzsche, apotheosists of war and spokesmen of the caste which brought on the holocaust of yesterday, say? Through the ages war, as an instrument of national policy, has been practiced by all, defended by many, advocated by not a few, and extolled by some. Now, the greatest nations of earth propose solemnly to renounce it as an instrument of national

policy! Well may the disciples of the Prince of Peace sing with the prophet of our bitter yesterdays:

"Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes,
Above the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night
Shall rise dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice!
That God hath given ye this priceless dower
To live in these great times
And have your part in freedom's crowning;
That ye may tell your sons, who see the light
High in the Heavens, their heritage to take,
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break."

The adoption of this proposal will be significant not only as we read it in the light of our blood-red yesterdays, but significant also because it is essentially and fundamentally sound. It rests upon the principle, so dear to Americans, that all men are created equal; that all are entitled to life. It would place all nations, great and small, on the same plane. The spirit of this pact is the spirit in which Mr. Hoover has been talking to the South American countries and for which he is entitled to the commendation of all Americans. It denies that might makes right. It appeals to reason. It inspires fraternity. It points international life in the right direction. Through this pact, the peoples of the earth may give expression to the prayer of Aristophanes, uttered 2,500 years ago:

"From the murmur and subtlety of suspicion with which we
vex one another
Give us rest.

Make a new beginning, [of love,]
And mingle again the kindred of the nations in alchemy
And with some fine essence of forbearance
Temper our mind."

But let us not deceive ourselves. The ratification of this pact by the nations will not end war. This will but bring them for the time into the right attitude toward each other. It will but lay the foundation on which the nations may build for peace and justice. If we would have permanent peace, we must go forward to the accomplishment of some definite things.

First of all, the great nations must reduce their armaments. All your renunciations of war and your commitments to pacific settlements are but emptiness and mockery in a world bristling with bayonets and frowning with forts. The race among nations in armament building has always run and will always run toward war. The building of great military establishments breeds suspicion, envy, fear and provokes controversy and ultimate conflict. That they promote peace and prevent war is the bloodiest falsehood of all history. President Coolidge himself answered his own Armistice Day speech with this language: "In spite of all arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to assure its victory in time of war. No nation ever will." Does a great military establishment guarantee security? Let a crushed and bleeding Germany answer. Does competition in armament building prevent war? Let ten million graves and

the ashes of two hundred billions of the world's property answer.

On the pen used by Mr. Kellogg in signing the pact that bears his name are inscribed the words, "*Si vis pacem, para pacem*" ("If you want peace, prepare for peace"). With that sentiment, destroy the Anglo-French pact, recently made; with it silence the scornful Mussolini, jeering at the peace pact while he spurs his people to military preparations; with it, cut down the three and one-half billions now being spent by the nations annually on their armies and navies; with it, defeat the Cruiser bill; and move our country, with those words inscribed on our banner, to resume its place in the forefront of the nations leading them to disarmament and peace.

If we are to have peace, the nations must not only reduce their armaments to a point consistent with domestic safety, but they must maintain and perfect the agencies of pacific settlement. The courthouse and the judge in a community may not prevent all crime, but who shall say that they do not discourage resort to mob violence. Through the course of the years reason, working through the orderly processes of the law, has triumphed over duelling and is winning its way to final victory over the mob. In America, not only individuals, but cities, countries, and great states bow to the mandates of the court. Let the International Court of Justice stand. Let it voice the judgment and conscience of mankind. Its voice will become more and more distinct through the world, calling the nations to reverence for law and ultimate obedience to its decrees.

But the maintenance of permanent peace demands something more than the laying down of arms and the building of courts. Permanent peace can come only through the ordering of international relationships and dealings on the basis of right and justice. The public opinion of mankind must acknowledge the equal right of all peoples to life; to political independence; to set up governments responsive to their will; to security in their own territory; to fair and equitable intercourse with others. Nations, great and small, must stand on a common plane before the bar of world opinion. In every nation, particularly in every great nation, there must be created and maintained a will to peace and justice, and that will must direct the voice and activities of the government.

It is my conviction that the heart of every civilized people is essentially sound and just; that the masses of mankind want peace, the peace of justice. It is also my conviction that the international wars of history have been fomented and brought on by greedy adventurers and ambitious militarists, reckless of the wishes and interests of the people. At this hour, the press heralds the growth of an alleged ill-feeling between this country and England—a feeling of which, I am sure, the masses of the people of both countries are wholly unconscious. Where does this feeling which is alleged to menace the relations of the two countries exist? It exists nowhere except among "naval experts" and predatory interests and the political leaders who truckle to them. The people of both countries want peace and honest friendship to pre-

vail. Peace and honest friendship will prevail if the real soul of America and of the British Empire be given expression through the leadership of the two countries.

Here lies the task of the Church among the nations and peoples of the earth: To deepen and strengthen the sense of justice, the will to peace, and the spirit of brotherhood; and to make them regnant in the minds and hearts of the leaders of the nations. It is for the Church to "speak unto the people that they go forward"—forward in their sense of justice, forward in their conception of the equal rights of nations and peoples, forward in their yearning to realize the purpose of the Master, who said, "I am come that men might have life and have it more abundantly."

It was no less a personage than Lloyd George who said: "The Churches were to blame for the last war—not monarchs, rulers, militarists, but the Churches. Had all the Churches cried 'halt,' this awful murder could not have gone on." Marshal Haig sensed the compelling power of the Church over the hearts of men when he said: "The Gospel of Christ is the world's only social hope and the sole promise of world peace. It is a crusade to which I urge you—a crusade not having for its object the redemption of a single city, however holy, but the freeing of the whole world from the devastating scourge of war."

The Captain of our ship, the Master of our souls, came into a world ruled by the sword, and saying, "put up the swords," warned that they "who take the sword shall perish by the sword." He came into a world cursed by the prejudices and hatreds of race

and locality, in which even the noble-minded Plato praised the Athenians for their hatred of foreigners, and challenged the mind and heart of the world with the doctrine that all men are neighbors and should love one another. The mind of man has answered the challenge, and, acting through science and mechanics, has wiped out the barriers of time and space and moved us into one great neighborhood. Will the heart of man answer the challenge by wiping out the barriers of prejudice and hate—that men may come at last to love one another? Let religion answer!

CHAPTER XIV

A UNIFIED PROGRAM OF MISSIONS

BY MRS. NAT G. ROLLINS

THE gloomy days following the crucifixion were forgotten by the disciples when the glorious light of the first Easter morn appeared, and the culmination of that greatest of all events was the day that the resurrected Christ left the task of saving the world to His followers, saying, "Ye shall be witnesses of me, even unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Since that time the Church has not been without some form of missionary program. It has ever been God's plan that the message of light and life to those "who walk in darkness and dwell in the land of the shadow of death," shall be given through human agency and that His Church shall be the medium of making Christ known to the world. How inadequately His purpose has ofttimes been carried out, the Church knows far better than its critics. John Wesley committed Methodism to a missionary program with the words, "The world is my parish;" thus he voiced the passion of his soul to share the blessings of the Gospel with all peoples, and many of his spiritual descendants are actuated by that same passion.

If, as Gates says in his *Missionary Education in the Church*, "Go, Preach, Teach, Heal" is not simply a command, but "the basis of spiritual life," then it follows that the business of missions is the task of the whole Church, every agency, every individual

in it. The present form of organization separates the membership into groups, each agency being responsible for the education of its own group; yet the plan leaves very many unrelated to any educational organization whatsoever. While this method has a tendency toward preventing perfect oneness in the missionary program, yet the results might leave a better impression if the line of demarcation were more closely drawn, for as it is, often various organizations in the Church, all authorized by legislation, present the anomalous attitude of seeking to enlist the interest and activity of the same individuals, thereby creating an impression, which isn't necessarily true, that each organization is primarily interested in building up and perpetuating itself rather than in the development of Christ-like characters.

If the missionary program of to-day is "scrappy," as many maintain, and lacking in efficiency because of this fact, let's think for a moment how such a situation came about. It may be true, and doubtless is, that the Church lost its opportunity for oneness in the beginning of its missionary program, or perhaps when Methodism was born, because no one at that time could foresee the potential values bound up in the childhood, youth, and womanhood of the Church. Had such a seer spoken, a presentation of this subject in the second century of Methodist missionary endeavor would have been unnecessary, and the result would have been a missionary Church in reality, with a constituency having a world-wide vision—not a Church with separate agencies

operating in special fields or interested only in special phases of missionary work; but there arose no prophet to speak to the leaders in that day of opportunity.

As the Church grew, the original machinery failed to meet all situations. New organizations came in answer to real need and represent normal growth and development. Hence the wheels within the wheel. It is also worthy of note that these organizations did not spring full fledged into existence, but came gradually to full fruition. The first group to claim the attention of the Church was the children; again there was a dearth of prophets. No one looked far enough into the future to see the latent power in such an organization. It is indeed a far cry from the infancy of the Church school dealing only with children, with no equipment, untrained teachers, with little or no missionary outlook, to that same agency now; almost perfect in organization and method, touching every group in the Church, at the same time having become one of the most virile missionary agencies of modern times.

When in the providence of God another group heard the call to aid in the missionary task, the voice of the seer was still silent. There were divergent views concerning the wisdom of allowing women to enter this field. These views ranged from avowed opposition and indifference to feeling expressed in the words of the learned Gamaliel, "If this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." All other organizations have come in answer to similar needs. All of them reach

down into the local Church, each providing a certain education for its adherents, and from this education comes any abiding advance that the Church makes.

Thus we find that failure in the beginning to recognize potential value in each group, brought into the Church a multiplicity of agencies and because these several agencies have failed to enlist each individual member, a goodly portion of the Church seems to be suffering from arrested spiritual and missionary development. These historical facts, as set forth, are not meant as criticism, for the Church itself has been a development, and the several groups mentioned were simply not in the thinking of the wisest and best leaders of that time; nor are these statements to be construed as minimizing in the least the accomplishments of the Church as a whole, or through its several agencies now at work, for God has wrought marvelously through them in building his kingdom, and missionary training is laying hold of the heart and life of the young people.

Among adults are found many men and women who realize that missionary education must be given in such a way that the individual shall become missionary-minded. They also realize that missionary giving should be the outward expression of a deep, abiding conviction that God expects them to share with all men.

If the supreme task of the Church is to transform mere human beings into Christians whose influence will be exerted toward remaking this world and whose task shall not cease until all realms of life are

truly Christian, then it must be true that missionary education, in and of the Church, is not a plus thing, as some have said and are still saying, but it is an essential factor of true Christianity. As the several organizations in the Church, potent as they are, have failed to reach the entire membership and give to them the necessary missionary education which all should have, the necessity of making an adequate program has gotten into the thinking of many, who have made a far-reaching study of the whole subject of missions, both in its relation to fields and to the local Church. This does not mean that old methods of character building and education are to be discarded; for there is a wide difference of opinion in the minds of leaders and students of the subject as to what constitutes best methods. Neither is it their thought to eliminate methods because they are old, nor to adopt others because they are new. The methods used by our fathers, like their faith, are a glorious heritage. Tradition of the elders is not to be despised; but should be used, as some one has aptly said, "as a sign-post, not a hitching-post."

One often hears this quotation from the writings attributed to Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun," but if he were writing in this, the morning of the twentieth century, he might at least modify that statement. This is a changed and changing world; in fact, so changed that it is a trite thing to say that the world of to-day is not the world of even fifty years ago. And while the message to be given is changeless and is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," a changing

world may be demanding new methods of proclaiming the message. Believing this, many are studying the needs of to-day and seeking to acquaint themselves with its thought, and are being led to see that this may be the time when "new occasions shall teach new duties and time make ancient good uncouth."

A unified program for and closer coöperation between all the splendid agencies of the Church that are connectional, would no doubt make for economy of effort and overhead expense; in all things that are so essential to a success for organization; especially, one which is to touch the lives of all the members of the Church. What the outcome will be cannot be stated, for Victor Hugo says, "There is one thing more powerful than an army with banners, and that is an idea whose time has come;" and to-day the idea of a program of missionary endeavor, which shall be one in objective and processes, and which shall be large enough to demand the attention of every organization and individual in the Church, seems to have arrived.

The wisdom of bringing all groups into an enlarged missionary program has not developed merely from a scientific and psychological standpoint; yet there is much to be said from that view because each group could bring to the whole valuable assets, such as specialized training along many lines and fitness for certain work not open to others. But the intent is that is some definite way every individual in the Church may become intelligently and actively missionary, able to interpret Christ to a world

hungering and thirsting for him. This can only be brought about by missionary education given, not smatteringly but through systematic training. The idea of unified methods and coöperation is not wholly original with leaders in the missionary movement. It is an idea that is being worked out in many avenues of life, and one that has been potent in the development of economic and industrial life to a high degree, proving that Christ's words, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," are as true as when uttered; for the principle involved in a unified program of missions has already revolutionized many industries that are of vast importance to the material well-being of peoples.

The United Fruit Growers' Association made a profitable business out of that which formerly was a losing proposition, without increasing cost to the consumer. The development of this idea has given comfort to the traveling public in no small degree as it pertains to hostelries. Cities, towns and even small villages in remote sections are enabled to erect hotels, inviting in every respect, because their citizenship entered into the plan coöperatively. The development of chain stores, one of the marvels of this age, is a striking example of the value of oneness in method and purpose. Coöperative buying and selling make for larger efficiency with less expense, and the public enjoys more attractive prices in securing the necessities of life.

The result of the recent election is an example of what an electorate can do when party and geographi-

cal lines are forgotten and oneness of purpose substituted for them.

"Who won the war?" may be a mooted question in the minds of politicians, but to one who brings to the subject an unbiased mind, two things stand out in bold relief: that it was impossible for any one nation to drive back the massed forces of the German Empire, and that the millions of men gathered from many lands and nations, until unified under the command of General Foch, were unable to stay the advance of the almost invincible armies of the Kaiser. This was borne in upon the commanders of the several armies involved in such a way that each surrendered his private inclinations, compromising on a basis of common interest, that greatest good should come to all. Shall the forces under separate commands in the army of the Lord of Hosts, waging a great constructive warfare, having as a basis of common interest, the building of the Kingdom of Heaven, be less wise than those who lead in this carnal and destructive cataclysm?

Again, the idea of a unified program is not altogether new and untried in the field of missions. It has been used to some extent for several quadrenniums. The missionary work of the women of the Church, carried on under two separate and distinct boards until 1910, was, in the thinking of many, as far apart as the east is from the west. It was openly said that "there existed an impassable gulf which could not be bridged." Fortunately the leaders were women of vision, and the unified program became a reality; from it has been developed a loyal con-

stituency with a broader vision and outlook than the separate organizations could have produced. While policies and administration necessarily differ in the two departments, to the womanhood of the Church missions is not one of geographical lines. It is a fact of no little importance that efforts to unify the program of missionary education have come from within the organization rather than from without, a fact that should be kept in mind when any effort is made to establish closer relations between agencies already in the Church carrying out the Great Commission.

The unifying missionary program has resulted in coöperation with various agencies, especially in foreign fields. This has made possible the establishing of and carrying on some phases of the missionary task in a much more efficient way with less duplication and expense; especially is this true in the field of education and medicine.

Perhaps the outstanding step in a unifying missionary program was the change made in the membership of the Board of Missions by the General Conference of 1910. Before that date it was always spoken of as "the Men's Board," yet all groups in the Church had contributed to its income. No legislation has been of more far-reaching value to the missionary work as a whole, and to the Church, than that which brings together in council groups with different interests and viewpoints; that place where one gets a broad clear vision of the entire missionary project and sees one's own particular job in the light of all. Sharing in the making of

policies and administrating for the entire work has been of real educational and spiritual value to men and women alike.

Having come thus far, it may be interesting to speculate for a few moments concerning the unified program of the future. "History repeats itself" in Church affairs as in other things; and as only the truths of God seem changeless, it requires not a prophet nor the son of a prophet to predict that more changes are yet to come. Will they bring a unified program or will it be such an one as the following stories suggest?

A certain meek little man took unto himself a wife of fine personality and strong character (or it may have been the other way round). When the minister pronounced them "one" the quiet little man immediately asked "Which one?" Or will it be like the story of a settler in pioneer days of Western Texas? This pioneer, after many years of hardships and short crops because of drouth, desired very much to sell his land. Finally a tenderfoot appeared upon the scene seeking to buy one-fourth of the section owned by the discouraged farmer. Agreement as to price was soon reached; the deed was made and delivered and the original owner in high glee turned homeward. A neighbor asked the cause of his merriment. His answer was, "I sold that man a quarter section of my land and deeded him the whole thing and he doesn't even know it." Such a oneness as either story presents might result in a unified program, but such is not in the thinking of those most interested. There is little or no conflict or overlapping

between agencies operating in mission fields. If a plan can be successfully made which will reach every man, woman, and child, its force would be like the onrushing of a mighty sea; but difficulties loom large where an effort is made of whatsoever nature, in an attempt to pool all interests and do that which seems the larger thing and which is supposed to bring greatest good to the greatest number. The missionary project will be no exception to this rule. The subject will have to be viewed from many angles.

What effect will further unification of the program have upon organizations which have had a long, varied, and measurably successful program of achievements? There are historic relations which have been built through the years by toil and sacrifice. Will the loss of a personal interest lessen the feeling of responsibility now borne by the several groups? These things cannot be put aside lightly. The subject will have to be viewed from many angles of approach. Raising funds, representation on the board, equal opportunity of administration and promotional agencies, are but a few of the many important points that will demand consideration and must have it in a sane Christian manner by representatives from every group that would be affected through changed methods. Arbitrary changes will not bring the best results; but upon the foundation laid during an hundred years of missionary endeavor, it should be possible to inaugurate a program of such proportions that in it a place of service will be found for all, "from the least of them to the greatest

of them," and through this program the Church could carry out God's will concerning man's part in the spread of the Kingdom of God on earth.

There was needed only "the voice of *one* crying in the wilderness" to announce the advent of the Christ and proclaim, "His paths must be made straight." It will require the voice and strength of the entire Church in remaking the social order, that peace and good will may reign everywhere. This vast number of men and women assembled here seeking to learn more perfectly the will of God, must spread the news that Methodism must strengthen her stakes and lengthen her cords if she is to fulfill her part in transforming the kingdoms of this world into the Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, over which the Son of David shall reign forever. Do you believe it can be done? Or were these words merely the dream of a lonely old man in exile? True, 'tis that men have dreamed dreams of world conquest by force of arms which would result in peace. They have perished with their dreams. Another dreamed of world conquest also, which should be won by love, and it was no idle boast when the Prince of Peace declared, "A little yeast shall leaven the whole lump," and left the leavening task to his followers. His dream will be realized when the Church, having the spirit of the one clad in a seamless robe, girded with a towel, goes forth proclaiming to a waiting world the lifted Saviour who "shall draw all men unto him!"

CHAPTER XV

CHRISTIANITY IN THE CONGO

BY DR. O. E. GODDARD

One who speaks on Africa deals with the biggest blackest, hottest, and sandiest of all subjects. Africa is incomprehensibly big; it covers one-fourth of the earth's surface and is four times as large as the United States of America. If one should drop the United States of America down on Africa and then start to find it from any of the coast lines, it might be several weeks before one would reach its periphery. Africa is immensely big and awfully black.

The people differ in many ways. There are over eight hundred languages in Africa, five hundred of which have not yet been reduced to writing. Some of the Africans are big, some little, some lean, and some fat, but they are all black. And Africa is a hot country, about ninety per cent of it lying in the Torrid Zone. One must bear this in mind when studying this emerging civilization; the people wear practically no clothing, for the simple reason that none is needed.

I am often asked, on returning from a foreign trip, whether I am going to wear the native costume. I didn't bring an African outfit over, but I could easily buy one, since it would require about as much cloth as a big pocket hankerchief. But I would not like to go on the streets on a cold day in that attire, and to so appear before an audience would be unconven-

tional to say the least. I have seen some very ludicrous combinations of garments over there. An African will wear anything a European or American will give him. That does not obtain in the heart of Africa, but along the coast I have seen very strange apparel. I saw one a young fellow attired exclusively in a derby hat. I saw another who wore only the coat part of pajamas, and still another whose wardrobe consisted of the trousers part. I saw another who wore only a pair of old shoes, and one of the waiters at our Mission appeared in the dining room one evening gorgeously attired in a discarded and ragged union suit.

Africa is not only hot, it is sandy. I didn't know there was so much sand in the universe as I found in Africa. I traveled a few thousand miles up the Congo River and a few thousand miles by trains, such as they are, and found sand everywhere. I have traveled in trucks and automobiles, and we pulled through sand constantly; I traveled twelve hundred miles in an airplane and was not out of sight of sand except when we were above the clouds. I had sand in my hair, in my mouth, in the butter, and in everything else. And the ants are as ubiquitous as the sand—ants of all sorts, sizes and colors. One is never out of touch with them. I saw every kind of ant there is; I was bitten by them, many of them were bitten by me, and I swallowed some without biting them. One has sand and ants, externally, internally, and eternally in Africa.

Politically, Africa is divided up among the nations of Europe. England has a great stretch of it, France

has more than England, Portugal has a colony, and even Belgium has fifteen hundred square miles of it. There are only two states in Africa, as you very well know, that are ruled by the black people themselves. They are Liberia and Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. Our own nation, I thank God, had nothing to do with the partitioning of Africa. There has been some exploitation. While the European countries seem now to be doing very well, yet they have some things to apologize for. Our country has had nothing to do with any portion except Liberia. Freed slaves, both before and after the Civil War, were sent to Liberia from America, where they formed a Republic, and our country has played the part of big brother to them and is still helping them. We have had a commendable part in the making of that Republic.

The other black state is a large country near the east coast. I think the recent geographies call it Ethiopia, but the old ones called it Abyssinia. The most absolute monarch in the world to-day is its black Emperor. He and his friends declare that he is a direct decendant of Solomon. The Queen of Sheba, after her historic visit to Jerusalem, gave birth to a son, who became her successor and bequeathed the throne to his successors down to this day. I take that with a grain of salt, but that is the story the Emperor tells.

There are three religions in Africa: Paganism, Mohammedism, and Christianity. There are said to be a hundred and fifty million people in Africa. One hundred million of these are Pagans, forty million are Mohammedans, and ten millions are Christians.

There is no doubt that Paganism will soon give way to some other religion. The African is rapidly giving up the pagan view that gods are all around him, in the air and water, causing all his trouble. Whether Africa becomes Mohammedan or Christian depends on whether Mohammedanism or the Christian Church is more aggressive in missionary policy. That is a question which will be settled in the next quarter of a century. There is a great school at Cairo in which there are more than five thousand Mohammedan student volunteers, all preparing to go out as missionaries; there are more student volunteers in that one Mohammedan institution than there are in all the Christian colleges of America. Africa will be Mohammedan unless the Christian Church pursues a more aggressive and efficient missionary policy than it is now pursuing!

Then if it becomes Christian, will it be Roman Catholic or Protestant? Of the ten million Christians in Africa, eight million are Catholics. The mother countries, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, and Italy, are Roman Catholic, and the Roman Catholic Church claims these colonies because they are children of Catholic powers. Rome is putting on a very aggressive propaganda. Whether or not the Christian part of Africa is to be Roman Catholic or Protestant depends upon which is the more aggressive and efficient in missionary policy.

I had the rare privilege of attending a General Conference of all the Protestant Churches in the Belgian Congo, which meets once in five years. I therefore learned more about work in the Congo in

ten days than I could have learned on ten visits without the privilege of such a conference.

In the Belgian Congo there are twenty-eight Protestant Churches; some of them are hardly Churches, but there are twenty-eight organizations. They have a thousand missionaries and 200,000 communicants. The Roman Catholic Church has four thousand missionaries, all from Belgium.

I am glad to say that there is perfect comity among the several Protestant Churches. There is absolutely no competition, no setting up of altar against altar. The Belgian Congo has been divided out and each Church has its territory, and it is "up to" that Church to take its section for Protestantism or give it to the Roman Catholics or Mohammedans. Reporters frequently ask me about the competition among the Churches over there. There is absolutely none. They have shown good sense. I wish we had that much sense at home.

I was impressed with the sublime devotion of these missionaries to the natives. I have never seen such devotion on the part of missionaries to the people to whom they minister as is evident in Africa. It is written large all over Africa. They have, I think, a deeper and more genuine devotion to the people than is true in any other Mission field I have visited, and I have visited most of them.

Now these Churches are carrying on four different lines of work, except in the case of a few organizations that simply go out to announce "the second coming." The Master had only three, because He was working in a civilized country: "Jesus went about teaching

in the synagogue, preaching the Gospel, and healing all manner of diseases among the people." In Africa, of necessity, there must be an industrial department. Somebody must build the Church houses, hospitals, schools; a school-teacher can't build a schoolhouse, a preacher can't build a Church, and a doctor can't build a hospital, and they are wasting time when they try. I saw a Bible teacher with a degree from Princeton who had tried to be a carpenter, but had only fallen from his house and broken his arm and cracked his skull. That is poor economy. So all the Churches send out masons and carpenters. They can't employ such workmen on the field, because the natives know nothing of such matters but must themselves be taught. The industrial missionary is just as indispensable as the evangelistic missionary.

Then we have the educational department. When we entered the Congo nobody could read: there was nothing to read; not a book, not an alphabet, not a letter. We had to create an alphabet, make a grammar, and then translate parts of the Bible, and produce a simple literature from absolutely nothing before our missionaries could even begin to teach the people to read and write. In our school at Wembo Nyama there are old men and old women, grandmothers and grandfathers as well as little children, because we require them to know how to read and write before admitting them into the Church. These African children learn as rapidly and as eagerly as our own American children. The school had only a half dozen slates for the entire company; when I was there they had no slate pencils, but they improvised

by using pieces of a broken slate. In the face of such difficulties they are carrying out a great educational program, yet we haven't a school building in all Africa that cost $500! This should be taken to heart by those who believe they must have a million-dollar plant before they can do much for the kingdom.

I visited a school in Minga, in what we call a Church. For seats they have three or four long poles tied together, with no walls and nothing overhead. In various places there are groups of such poles, and each group is a grade of the school. And with such equipment the missionary is carrying on a great educational program with three hundred students in the open air of the African jungles.

Then we have the medical department. The Congo is an inhospitable country. It is dangerous to live there, and it is therefore necessary to carry on the ministry of healing. We have big hospitals. Hundreds and thousands of people roam the land with tropical sores all over them, and great flocks of them come daily to the clinic for treatment. The most horrible of all ailments is sleeping sickness. If it would simply put its victims to sleep it would be welcome. But it has three stages. In the first stage it weakens the mind; in the next it breaks down the moral standard and makes good men and women become dishonest, impure, and immoral. Then the sleeping comes on and the patient dies. I saw three hundred of these patients in one hospital where we are ministering to them in the name of the Lord Jesus. I went out on the same ship with a doctor, sent by an American philanthropy, who had forty-

two supposed remedies for sleeping sickness. He is going to try these remedies on different groups and after he discovers which is most effective, that medicine will be manufactured on a large scale and placed at the disposal of the medical missionaries and hospitals. So there is a bright day ahead for the victims of sleeping sickness through the coöperation of science and Christianity.

I was bitten by everything that bites. On my approach to the first hospital, the doctor and the boy scouts came out several miles to meet me, and as the doctor shook hands with me he knocked a tsetse fly from my neck. I was unaware that I was being bitten by that fly that causes sleeping sickness. Now, I haven't discovered any of the symptoms, although you may discover that I have reached the first stage!

Then there is leprosy. We started a little leper colony a few years ago outside of our village and I recently saw 161 patients there. I went into the colony and into their homes. Our nurse and doctor go there every morning. That colony has grown so that larger quarters are necessary; we are seeking a place in which we can take care of, not hundreds, but several thousands.

We have a new cure for leprosy. The old oil that we have been buying was very expensive, but the new cure can be brought from the Britsh Government very cheaply and it is said to be much more effective. So one of these good days we hope to develop a great colony out there for thousands of these lepers.

I want you to remember this. We can take care of a leper and can feed him, clothe him, shelter him,

and treat him with this new medicine for twelve months for the sum of $10. In addition to that, we can preach to him every day, and perhaps at the end of twelve months we will send him back a cured man and a Christian man. Remember, then, that when you waste ten dollars, you are wasting a sum that might cure a leper and bring him to the Lord Jesus Christ; I hope God will write that truth on our hearts so indelibly that we will never again waste such an amount.

Now, a word about the evangelistic work. That is the most attractive of all. An evangelistic missionary has charge of a station. We have only three stations. We have doctors, nurses, teachers, and evangelists in each, and these radiate from their stations, working in a radius of about fifty miles. One evangelistic missionary stays in the station and supervises the work of the native preachers who have been trained in our Bible School. In nearly every case the chief will build a house and a parsonage for the preacher and will pay his salary. The chiefs are begging us to send men to their villages. That native teacher-evangelist preaches a sermon every morning at sunrise, conducts a school, and has chapel exercises every morning at ten. When the work is properly organized each evangelistic missionary will have under him one hundred of these teacher-evangelists and he will supervise two hundred services a day, or six thousand a month, or 72,000 a year.

Now, we have a tribe under our care and are accupying three stations. If we could occupy five more, we could present the Gospel of Jesus Christ to

every man in our tribe. If we had five more evangelistic missionaries, five more doctors, five more educators, and five more industrial workers, we could actually claim the 300,000 people in our tribe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. If we do not claim them they are going to the Roman Catholics or the Mohammedans. The Southern Presbyterian Mission is doing that. They have five centers and have 556 evangelists in 556 villages. I would rather be an evangelist in Africa, with a hundred preachers working under me, than to have anything else the Church of God can offer. Think of supervising a staff of workers conducting 72,000 evangelistic services each year! If we had the eight stations we would not have to pay a dollar to anybody except the missionaries, but could preach 600,000 times to this tribe a year, and that is more evangelistic preaching than we are doing in this country with 7,000 pastors. If we could thus cover that whole territory in twenty-five years we would take that tribe in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Are we going to do it? Are we going to do it?

Is the little sum of $55,000 a year, maintaining three stations, with about thirty missionaries, an adequate program for this vast continent of Africa? Are we content to occupy only three-eighths of the work? No other Church will come in until we say we cannot do the work. Are we willing either to throw up our hands in defeat or to hold that tribe without evangelizing it? Will we withhold these five other missionaries who could reach the whole tribe at an expense of only $70,000 a year more?

If we would give as much to work in Africa as we are giving to China, Japan or Korea, we could cover every inch of it. I believe we ought to do it. I know we can do it. Why, there are seven thousand preachers in our Church, and a per capita gift of ten dollars would raise the $70,000. As far as I am concerned, God helping me, I am going to plead for us to take care of our tribe. As I go up and down this land I am going to plead, with all the earnestness of my soul, for a liberality that will enable us to take care of this tribe that has been committed to us.

I know if you could see that tribe through the eyes of the Lord Jesus, something would happen. I know if you could hear their groans in their sicknesses, diseases, and deaths, through the ears of Jesus Christ, there would be some real liberality practiced. I know if you could feel it with the heart of Jesus Christ, there would be some hitherto unheard-of offerings given in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to take care of these people. And, God helping me, the Church is going to hear something about it. You don't need the eyes of Jesus Christ, you don't need His ears, but only the eyes and ears and heart of a man regenerated. I have seen the situation with my own eyes and I have heard with my own ears those groans. My own heart has bled as I looked upon the field, and I said to God, "Is it possible our great Church is going on in luxurious living and turn a deaf ear to this cause?

CHAPTER XVI

CHRISTIANIZING AMERICA

BY DR. FRANK S. ONDERDONK

As I come up to this great hour, I try to analyze my feelings. As I look into your faces this thought overwhelms me: Here are to be found all of the elements necessary to carry out the whole program of Jesus Christ in our own country, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth. And with this thought there comes over me, as I trust may come over you, a sense of responsibility that is overwhelming. It brings us to ask ourselves this question: What are we going to do with the great tasks that lie out immediately before us? Are we going to return home to our small tasks, and allow to gather around us the limited horizons that have shut us off in the past from the mighty visions of God? We have come down from so many of these Mounts of Transfiguration, only to forget too quickly the glory of them. We have gone back down to the valley where we left those other disciples, planning and thinking about place and position; one little brother worrying about the decrease in his salary; another troubled about the promotion which he did not get; another foiled in the ambitions which for quadrenniums have been lurking in his soul. There in the midst of those other disciples is the poor father with an afflicted son, typical of the sin-clouded humanity that is scattered along the shores of the world. He is ready to go

away from the presence of these men, who were God-ordained to do the very thing he had asked them to do, and yet which they were powerless to do; ready, I say, to go away and give the Gospel of Jesus Christ the "black eye," when Jesus himself came along just in time. Who does not feel a sense of relief that Jesus did appear in time to save the situation and catch from the lips of this disappointed father these words, "I brought him to thy disciples, *but they could not?*" Men called to do the work, men who had received power to do it, and yet, through self-centeredness, through selfishness, through the loss of the great objective, had not the power to do the thing for which Christ had brought them into his ministry. I ask, Is this to be your experience and mine? Are we to come here and look into this glass and go back to our homes, forgetting what manner of men and women we were?

It is a mere truism to say that the strength of any enterprise is based on its resources. The resources of the missionary enterprise are really twofold, but we mention them under three heads.

The first is the *all-power of God.* Jesus said, "All power is given me in Heaven and earth;" therefore, "Go." The dynamic of the missionary enterprise is the all-power of God.

Then, in the second place, is the surrendered will of the believer.

Then there is this third thing which grows out of the second, an adequate financial support of the work. We will never have any trouble with our

finances if we can control the attitude of our wills to the will of God.

The report of our Conference Missionary Secretaries put as first and above everything else the imperative necessity of a great revival of spiritual religion. This means that we have got to come back, in our Christianizing of America, to that first American: to ourselves. The trouble is we have looked upon this great missionary task as something that was primarily objective. Of course, it is objective, but let us not forget that we must begin with the subjective self.

Surely yesterday was one of the most searching days I have ever spent. Last night, as I retired, I said to my soul, "Surely this has been a day in which thou hast walked upon the high places." It seems to me I have not had come over me such a conviction of my unworthiness and the smallness of my life. Will you think me too personal if I say that never more surely in my life have I felt burning in my soul that great passion to know and to do only his will, and to bring this whole task of Christianizing down to my own self, and to ask myself personally, "Are you willing to pay for this what Jesus Christ paid for it; are you willing to put your very life into it?" I, with you, must answer this question to-day, and if we are to succeed we must answer it in the affirmative.

I have been asked to speak to you on "Christianizing America." Most Anglo-Americans think of America as being the United States of North America, and, while this provincializes our geographical think-

ing, we will, for the purposes of this occasion, think primarily of our own American nation.

Now, my approach to this subject may prove to you, as it has to me, a little unsatisfactory. When one tries to go into all the details of the evangelization and Christianizing of the United States, it is found that there are many things that cannot be touched in a brief time. But at a glance these three reasons why we must Christianize our own country may be mentioned.

First, we must Christianize our own country in order to save our own souls.

If you ask what is the most important missionary field in the world, the answer would be, the United States of North America. God has been trying to make out of us the chief evangelizing agency of the world. In this very city of Memphis, in 1918, the breath of God swept over us and we got a little glimpse of our missionary opportunity and obligation. We have put in ten years hesitating about whether we would follow the vision of the Centenary. During the post-Centenary slump, I was down in Georgia, where some of the brethren said that the word "Centenary" is "like shaking a red rag in a bull's face." How strange that sounds! However much you may despise the word "Centenary," we must face the fact that it postponed our death, our spiritual execution. The question is, how long is it to be delayed. We have tried to compromise with God, not by raising less money, but by even raising more and then proceed to spend it upon ourselves. There is not a freshman in theology here this morn-

ing but can tell us that a self-centered life is a doomed and dying life.

Compare pastors' salaries to-day with what they were when the Centenary started. They have doubled and trebled. Who taught your people they could treble your salary? It was the missionary spirit born of this movement. Now we have Churches that pay their ministers ten thousand or more dollars per year. When the Centenary started, five thousand dollars was the maximum salary, paid by only a few Churches, while to-day there are one hundred and thirty-eight (138) Churches paying that amount or more, with comfortable parsonages. Who will be ungrateful enough to bite the hand that has fed them?

What taught us we could build the great Churches and educational buildings so common to-day? The Centenary. Where were our hospitals prior to 1918? They did not exist. We owe the progress of the last decade to the Centenary and the missionary spirit in which it was born. Do we complain at these figures? Never, but we challenge your consideration of their significance.

I preached a few weeks ago in one of the great Cathedrals of Southern Methodism. As I walked into that marvelous building I felt gratitude in my heart for it. When I had finished my discourse, in which I tried, by the grace of God, to point out to that audience something of what I felt was the attitude of the bleeding heart of Jesus Christ for the world, one of its wealthy members came down to the chancel, took me by the hand, and after a warm grasp, said: "I sat out there to-night and wondered

whether we have been wise in putting $475,000 into this great auditorium." I said: "Brother, nothing is too good for God. It will never hurt you to build so costly a Church, provided you will make it a workhouse for the projecting of the Kingdom of God out beyond your own borders." In all our Texas Mexican Mission we have only three Churches that cost more than the carpet over which I walked to that pulpit.

Brethren, here is the greatest danger to ourselves spiritually and to our responsibility for the missionary task. It is no mean business to be a Methodist preacher these days. How many of us are making any sacrifice for Jesus Christ? Let us never give our consent to live in ease while the heart of Christ still bleeds for his world.

Starting with ourselves, we must face the fact that this task of Christianizing must begin at home; it must begin with us. When the Kingdom of Christ in the world is lagging, we must look for reasons. Jesus said: "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Our religion is not Christian if it has no compassion to give Christ to others. My heart goes out to every mission field on the earth. When Bishop Lambuth went to Africa, I wanted to go with him. I have always had a great desire to visit our great mission fields. Missions has been my life, but I would rather take a pagan's chance without the light than America's if she hides her face from it. Was it not our own Bishop Haygood who said, "The

heathen world may be saved if we do not give them the Gospel, but we cannot be saved if we withhold it from them?"

I want you to know that I am as sincere as if I knew I were to die in an hour, when I tell that with all my love for Mexico, where the very best of my life has been given, my greatest heart solicitude is for the future of my own beloved Church in the United States. If we consent to withhold Christ from these multitudes, we will die.

And, hurriedly, I am passing to the second point: We must Christianize our own country for the sake of those whom God has brought to us from other lands. We were so slow to go that he has brought them and placed them at our very feet. We have something like 35,000,000 foreign-born or children of foreign-born parents in the United States.

In an address before the meeting of the Interdenominational Council in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, an authority on the subject told us it was his belief that there are three million Mexicans in the United States. Some of us cannot go to Mexico, but God has brought them and placed them within our very shadow. Think of the Bohemians, the Greeks, the Italians, the Poles, and our own colored people! Think of these millions whom God has brought from other countries and put them down at our very door. This is one of the great things we must think about in the Christianizing of America; we must remember that this is the charge that Almighty God is laying upon us to-day. Your business and mine is to interpret Jesus Christ to them.

Our American "superiority complex" is one of our most un-Christlike characteristics. I don't know how we ever became convinced of it, but somehow the idea seems to be universal among us that about the only thing God ever did that was worth while was to make an American. He started down the line somewhere, just as far as your theory of evolution permits, whether with a protoplasm, or a monkey, or a chimpanzee, and came on up and made a Negro, then an Indian, and a Mexican, and a Japanese, and a Chinese; after a while he made a German, and an Englishman; and when at length he made an American, he sat down and folded his arms and said: "It is good, it is very, very good, and I can do no better."

Now, you laugh at that, but you are laughing at yourselves. We must face the facts. We talk about a Frenchman and a white man, as if the French were not white. We talk about a Pole and a white man. I would like to know who is whiter in this convention than this great representative from Poland. We are just living over here on a little strip of land in the midst of the world. Nationally speaking, we have hardly laid aside our baby clouts and yet we talk about "Dagoes;" why, these "Dagoes" were Roman senators and poets when we were living the lives of naked savages in the mountains. Have we not heard here that in the fourth century the dear Scots, from whom so many of us glory in our descent, ate human hams in preference to any other flesh, and that the British were the lowest and most stupid of the slaves? That is where you came from! That is where I came from! What have we to boast about?

We are what we are by the grace of God. You talk about your "Greasers." Why, four centuries after Jesus Christ there was a civilization in Mexico that rivaled any civilization in the world. You talk about the "Chinks." The Chinese had a civilization when Jesus Christ was born that would have astounded the rest of the world had it known about it. We talk about "Japs," and about "Coons," and "Niggers"—we even say "Yankees" sometimes. The trouble is that we have never gone far enough from where we were born. I never tire of saying that we are just a conglomeration of heterogeneous human substances. We are made up of people of the whole world, and we actually cannot recognize ourselves—we are just Americans. Now, there is only one thing that is going to bring us down to take our place in a great world program, and that is Jesus Christ and a love for other people, regardless of race or color. I wish I could tell you about the greatest disadvantage we have in our Mexican work in Texas. It is not the unwillingness of the people to hear the Gospel, for they are eager. It is the indifference of so many of our American Christians, even their open opposition and unfriendliness. In a certain town in my own State, an American Methodist Church was being built and one of our Mexican brothers, who spoke English and was a property holder, approached an official of the Church requesting that, inasmuch as the Mexicans had no Church, they be allowed to pay for a pew in the rear of the new Church where his family might sit and hear the services, because they were members of the Methodist Church. That official advised this

man that he was sorry, but they could not afford to have Mexicans in the Church. Refined Mexican gentlemen are continually suffering embarrassment by being refused admittance to restaurants and public institutions, but when this unchristian spirit is shown in religious circles, it becomes unpardonable.

I am trying to say that we simply must change our attitude to these people. I must look on the Greek and the Bohemian as my brothers. We can sympathize with Mexicans and Bohemians and Greeks and Italians and everybody else, if we can get them far enough away from us. It is when we come to the close touch that we fail. Many people can weep and wail over the colored man in Africa, but you can't keep them from burning him over here in the United States. I venture to say that in every leading paper in India and China to-day appears the horrible story of yesterday's lynching, and the millions are saying: "There is a picture of your Christian America. What is this thing called Christianity? If that is it, we don't want it."

The third and greatest reason why we must Christianize this country is for the sake of the rest of the world.

Let us stop to think of the assets of Jesus Christ in world evangelization to-day. I have quit thinking about the United States as the only country in the world. I love to look at a globe or a map of the world, and to think of the whole face of it as laying in the palm of Jesus Christ, and his heart extending over every inch of it. Do you know how much of this world is really and truly an asset to Jesus Christ?

Suppose you step across the Rio Grande and go south. There are twenty Latin-American Republics. So far as I know, there is not one of them that is sending a missionary or any appreciable amount of money to any other country. On the contrary, hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Mission Boards of this country are pouring into those twenty Latin-American Republics to evangelize them. They are a liability on the heart of Jesus Christ. Go into Africa and what is being done for the evangelization of the world? We are pouring our precious human lives and our money into Africa. We thank God for the privilege of doing it. We are not complaining. We are talking about facts. Africa is one of the great liabilities on the heart of the crucified Christ. We cross to Portugal and to Spain—to all those European countries. What are they doing to give Christ to the world? We thank God for our missions in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, and all of them, but they are not giving back to us, except in spiritual fruits, what we are putting into them. They are liabilities on the exchequer of Jesus Christ in the world. We go over into Germany, where we are told nearly half a million Protestants have been lost since the World War. The missionary operations of Germany have been paralyzed. She is not doing what she did. And in Russia, a nation of 180,000,000 people, the government has set as one of its great tasks the rearing of a generation of atheists. Come over into dear old Mother England. She is trying to feed over a million people to keep them off her back. England is not the missionary force she once was. And if time

allowed, we might speak of China, for which we thank God and which we are delighted to help; but China is yet a great liability. Japan is busy in her own task. Neither of these nations, so far as I know, is sending a missionary to any other country, except it be to Manchuria. In India is the same story. We have been invited to go over there and assume responsibility for some of the work Germany is unable to keep up.

Every nation I have mentioned is largely a liability on the exchequer of Jesus Christ. And if you ask to-day what is the hope of the broken-hearted Christ, who carries the pains and the sins and the sorrows of all times, the answer would be that Jesus Christ is looking to a Christianized America and a Christianized Canada, centers of finance and of prosperity, to underwrite his program of world evangelization.

Just a month ago to-morrow I was in New York City. I walked down to old Wall Street and saw the stream of humanity pouring out of the Stock Exchange. A friend remarked that "this is the financial heart of the world." I said: "God have mercy on us if the financial heart of the world is in our midst and we allow the world to go to hell in spite of it." I looked up to the end of Wall Street, and there stood old Trinity Church. I could see her glowing altar from afar. I said to my friend: "I thank God that old Church is standing there, with its spire pointing to Heaven. Somehow or another it seems to be reminding Wall Street and the rest of the world that there is something in the universe besides gold."

Do you know that two manufacturers in America will produce this year almost as many automobiles of two names as there are in the whole world outside of the United States! Brethren, we are so rich and prosperous and we are living in such ease that out of my soul I feel like crying: "God have mercy on us; God save us from ourselves; God heal our souls so that we cannot wrap around us the luxurious robes of our own wealth, and look down with complacency upon a perishing world for which Jesus shed his blood."

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